

The Great American Thirst For Our Water

MARCH 1970/CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE/35¢

MACLEAN'S

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He lost 10 years through trial-by-hearsay

BRUCE MCGRATH still thinks credit and character reporting on people is necessary in today's society . . . "but it shouldn't be self-policing; there should be laws about false reporting." Bruce McGrath should know. Seven years ago he collided with Canada's credit-spy system and he has not recovered yet.

McGrath will be 34 in May. He is a second-year law student at the University of Western Ontario, London. He will be 37 before he can begin to practise law. His wife Judith, a nurse, will then have been the principal breadwinner for themselves and daughter Tracey, now nine, for most of 10 years.

When he was 27, the future looked good for McGrath. He was the branch manager for a finance company at Sarnia, Ontario. He had climbed aggressively, rapidly, in five years, through the hierarchies of three companies. He had made some enemies on the way up. But Sarnia was home and he was well known — especially as a 150-pound but terribly tenacious quarterback of the Sarnia Golden Bears and Sarnia Imperials. Then he resigned for personal reasons, which *Maclean's* is satisfied had nothing to do with his ability, business judgment or honesty.

With his background, McGrath had no trouble getting job interviews with, he says, 12 different firms. In some instances he was told he was hired — but there was always a final rejection. He couldn't find out why. Then a Sarnia-based businessman offered him a job, and McGrath told him, "I don't know what it is, but something is wrong. I've had a dozen jobs offered and then withdrawn." The man called on the McGraths a few days later. He brought a personnel file compiled by a large firm that specializes in such reporting.

That report quoted unnamed previous colleagues as saying McGrath had been fired. The reason given was the unspecified charge of



A credit report finished Bruce McGrath's career in 1963. He'll be in a new one, the law, in 1973. He wonders if, even then, he'll be able to see the report he could never answer.

"loose morals." Ex-colleagues with an earlier employer said McGrath had been sacked there, too, when in fact he'd been promoted twice and had resigned for a better job. After his act of kindness in showing McGrath what was said about him (subscribers sign agreements not to let subjects see the report), the Sarnia businessman withdrew his job offer. McGrath was never able to get the reporting company to show him the file. No law says it must, unless the company is sued. Yet it was there for any subscribing business firm to see, for about \$25 a time. He could not set the record straight; no law permits him that right.

Unable to find work, McGrath tried running his own Sarnia men's-wear shop for nearly two years, but he was undercapitalized and failed. He job-hunted again, without luck. "Finally, we decided to make a whole new start," he says, and the McGraths went to the University of Western Ontario. McGrath pays his law tuition with money earned doing part-time jobs, and with

the help of provincial loans and bursaries. Judith works at St. Joseph's Hospital to meet the family expenditures. Their living is adequate, but tight.

McGrath remains "obsessed by the unfairness of it — nothing makes these people responsible for their errors. Surely there should be a right to know your accuser? Nothing even forces them to remove information after a certain passage of time — maybe I'll still be under the gun when I graduate." The credit-reporting agencies all say they remove adverse information eventually, often after seven years. But that is not required in law and there is no way of checking.

McGrath came to *Maclean's*. We asked two agencies to report on him as a prospective employee. One quickly gave him a thoroughly clean bill. The other — the one that made the damning 1963 report — telephoned first to say that he was shaping up to be a bad risk. Then it sent a man around to say that McGrath was a troublemaker. We said we'd like a report, anyway. During this time we were interviewing officers of this and other companies about credit reporting, and this agency circulated a note to its employees advising them of *Maclean's* interest. The McGrath report was vetted by the company's home office in the United States. Finally we got it — 46 days after we had asked for it. Such reports normally take less than a week to provide. And McGrath, that bad risk and troublesome man, came through transformed. That old job of his? Why he wasn't fired at all, but had resigned, according to the new report. Morals? — "No criticism of subject's reputation or associates."

Is that the company's last word on Bruce McGrath? We don't know. Neither does he. □

"A man's right to privacy includes protection from any type of surveillance without his consent."

Justice Minister John Turner, to *Maclean's*

He says prying is good for us



"CREDIT is a privilege and you must lose some of your privacy to prove you deserve it." This is the blunt facts-of-life talk of M. T. Pearson, general manager of the 153-member Associated Credit Bureaus of Canada. "I don't believe we are invading privacy — we are just gathering factual material," he says.

Credit bureaus provide "factual material" on more than six million Canadians a year, establishing that almost mystical cachet of your worth, your *credit rating*. It is a mostly factual listing of how you've paid your debts, a list that is gathered from and shared by 40,000 business subscribers.

Credit bureaus send out no ferrets to judge your personal life. That is done by other, investigative, agencies whose "field representatives" question neighbors, co-workers, former employers — mostly for personnel and insurance reports, such as those on Bruce McGrath (left). But what the credit bureaus *can* do is keep on file facts — or alleged facts — that could, and do, damage the people they're about without their knowledge. Truck-company owner Karl Reeser discovered that when he went to the Greater Toronto Credit Bureau, simply as a favor to his wife. Mrs. Reeser is active in the Consumers Association of Canada, which last spring made a national check on credit-bureau claims that any subject could

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PRYING continued

see his file — and proved that many could not. Reeser was shocked to find two 1965 writs recorded against him, although one had been withdrawn and he had won the other. "I have a right to know what information is being gathered about me, and who is asking the questions," he says. But, in law, he does not have that right.

While the 2,500 credit-bureau employees do not go out to snoop, they do clip newspaper stories about us, delve into court reports and telephone our employers. Credit bureaus can give you someone else's bad rating by mixing up names. They can also label you as a "bad payer" because you withhold payments on a defective article, which is your right under the law of contract.

Both credit bureaus and investigative agencies co-operate with the police and the income-tax department with-

"Your name will never be divulged to another member and, needless to say of course, never to a consumer."

Brochure of Credit Bureau of Greater Toronto

out your knowledge, and with lawyers who use them for locating and getting information on people.

The credit bureaus are usually fair about repairing errors, according to new guidelines made to improve their image. Guidelines are not law, however. Should they be written into law? Pearson, convinced that business efficiency is society's greatest virtue, differs with a growing body of lawyers and politicians who want everyone to be advised whenever adverse reports are made about them.

The immensity of credit in Canada gives urgency to the argument. Canadians are \$11-billion in debt. The total leaped by \$1.5 billion in 1969. Collectively, we pay back \$700 million a month on consumer debts, or \$16 out of every \$100 we earn after taxes. Pearson says buying on credit is so important that regulations

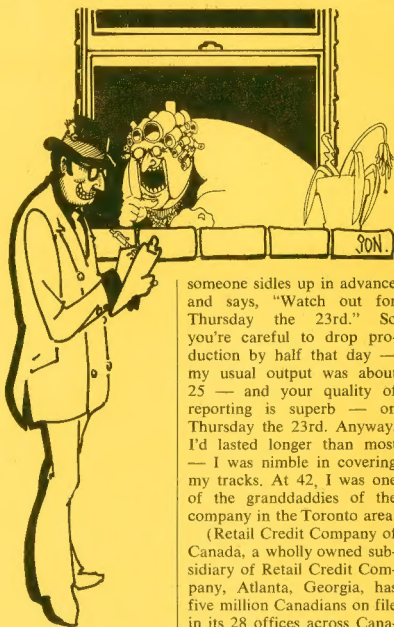
about privacy should not be permitted to dry up the flow of business information that makes it work. Professor Edward Ryan of the University of Western Ontario, adviser to a House of Commons committee studying privacy, says, however, that credit is "a social necessity for both business and individuals." He says, business flourishes because it is "privileged" to grant credit; department stores did \$600 million in credit sales in 1969, oil companies \$175 million — new records for both. Moreover, business charges 18 percent and more interest on the business of credit. Ryan says the two factors must offset the three percent or less of bad debts credit bureaus report.

In a report to the Ontario Law Reform Commission, Ryan urges that invasion of privacy be made a legal offense. He would outlaw asking such questions as whether a person is "normal," "well-adjusted," or "honest." Prof. John Sharp of the University of Manitoba recommends that bureaus be forced to notify a subject when any — or at least, any adverse — reports are made about him. Pearson says that would cost too much. If the subject must be notified, he says, it should be by the department store that doesn't grant credit, the employer who doesn't hire him. Federal Justice Minister John Turner says his department will prepare laws this summer to protect Canadians from credit spying and other "data surveillance."

Wayne Keeble (below), 29-year-old Toronto salesman, is anxious to see his credit rating: "They will only read parts of the card to me," he says, "including the part that says I am 41." □



'Why, the things I could tell you . . .'



... and the things you do tell the credit spy about your neighbors — more than you'd dream! An ex-spy, whose story is below, thinks women tell because they're lonely

I WAS AN investigator for the Retail Credit Company of Canada for 15 years. I am not using my name, here, because I'm not all that proud of having faked 100,000 "sources" to keep up an excessive production of reports on people. Anyway, I'm used to introducing myself with a phony name to the few sources I did interview.

At the end of 15 years I was fired because I made a favorable life-insurance report on a man and quoted only one source, his employer. The "sweetheart rechecks," as we call them, had ended for me. Retail makes periodic spot checks of investigators' work, but if they want to keep you on staff

someone sidles up in advance and says, "Watch out for Thursday the 23rd." So you're careful to drop production by half that day — my usual output was about 25 — and your quality of reporting is superb — on Thursday the 23rd. Anyway, I'd lasted longer than most — I was nimble in covering my tracks. At 42, I was one of the granddaddies of the company in the Toronto area.

(Retail Credit Company of Canada, a wholly owned subsidiary of Retail Credit Company, Atlanta, Georgia, has five million Canadians on file in its 28 offices across Canada. It provides two million reports on them to subscribers, mostly for insurance and employment checks. Retailers Commercial Agency, an affiliate that reports only on credit matters, has 800,000 Canadians on file and makes 100,000 reports annually. A total of 460 investigators provide those two million reports every year.)

When I left I was earning \$570 a month — more than most of my colleagues—plus about \$70 for car mileage. And then I averaged maybe \$50 a month in bonuses. In effect, I was paid by the report, and that is the whole reason for the pressure on you to produce, produce, produce reports.

What they did was add up my salary and mileage, about \$640 altogether, and figure that I should earn double that from my reports — half for them, half for me. Now Retail charges customers four dollars for an ordinary life-insurance report, my specialty, and \$4.25 for auto insur-

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ance. If you take an average of four dollars a report, you can work it out that I would have had to do 360 reports a month (15 a day) to earn my keep and theirs. Then we investigators were charged for the two dollars an hour paid the girls who typed our reports. Of course, at that kind of salary, we had to try for all the bonuses we could get. The bonuses came after you had covered your salary and expenses — half for Retail, half for you.

Anyone who couldn't consistently produce up to target was fired for not trying or for trying too hard — being "overly scrupulous."

I would arrive at the office at 8.15 a.m. and dictate yesterday's cases from my gimp sheets (fairly precise notes). At 10.30 or 11 I'd take a lineup of 25 or 30 life-insurance cases, say, and do some "on the street" work, as we call it — actual interviewing of your wife, neighbor or boss. I wouldn't do any more

"Trafficking in reputations must be controlled."

Prof. Edward Ryan, in report for Ontario Law Reform Commission

than three or four of those; they just took too long. If you were my subject, I probably wouldn't talk to you. I'd give you a trial, but never hear your side. Hell, you might get mad at me, and complain. Then I'd go to my own home, and get on the telephone. I'd call neighbors or former bosses or colleagues. If I got one source, I'd call it two.

I always tried to get one source, anyway, but I "cooked" most of the supporting ones. Some guys would cook an entire report sometimes, often in alleged updating of old reports, but it's too dangerous. I've seen a man dead six months being written up as enjoying good health, seen recently, steadily employed, etc. On fire reports, an occasional hydro substation was written up favorably. They look so much like houses.

I'd ask the usual questions about your health, whether you drank too much, if you slept around, how your boss

rated you at work, whether you seemed to be well-off, if you had wild parties, how you paid your bills. One neighbor's description of you as a "bad driver" could blow your chances to get auto insurance at normal rates — I'd rarely double-check.

I was never punched in 15 years, although I've been ordered off a lot of verandas. But neighbors are pretty forthcoming — especially women. I don't think they realize how much they give away. I think a lot of women are just lonely for someone to talk to.

I would use their "facts" and opinions to produce one "protective" in every three reports and one "decline" in every 10. That was to maintain a tough, responsible company image among subscribers. A "protective" is a note of caution about you; for example, a statement that you enjoy a hazardous sport such as scuba diving. A "decline" is a recommendation that an application for credit or insurance be rejected.

And so, if I was doing a life-insurance report on a child, say, and the kid was at home with a cold, I'd probably build it up to bronchitis. If you drank a bit, I'd put it down as a lot . . . that kind of thing.

When I talked about a person's drinking, or about his morals, I usually would have spoken to one source, who might or might not have been prejudiced or unobservant. Usually, it would stand up, and the insurance company would refuse insurance. It's tough, I know, but it's the way we had to play it.

(Note: On November 1, 1969, *Retail Credit Company* changed some of its terminology. A company-management newsletter said this was because of Retail's emergence into more markets "as well as into the public eye." Thus, "protective" and "decline" are now "significant information." An inspector is a "field representative." "Quota" was changed to "performance objective," which is described as "the productive goal employees strive to reach, and against which their efficiency is measured.") □

"What's wrong with hearsay? We all operate on hearsay every day. We couldn't have a civilized society without hearsay."

General counsel, Retail Credit Company, to U.S. Senate subcommittee

Don't hire this girl: she fights for her rights

A COMMITTEE of the Alberta legislature studying privacy was told last fall of a man who couldn't get credit or open an account at any one of four banks. This was partly because a credit report plainly marked "hearsay" claimed he had been "convicted of fraternizing with Indians and prostitutes."

This can be the calibre of reporting of the agencies that send people out to chat up the neighbor's wife or an employer about you. Here are some actual reports on Canadians who applied for jobs or insurance:

□ "Subject did not have a too formal [sic] education . . . We are told that he thinks highly of himself and creates a good impression. He does not live up to the impression he creates, however."

□ "Subject's employer was contacted under pretext." Sometimes it is "under strong pretext." A lawyer defines a pretext as "a non-injurious falsehood to get information."

□ "There were some serious doubts regarding — sense of personal responsibility and it appeared he had a cavalier and indifferent attitude toward his obligations."

□ A question was raised about the lack of docility of a girl who "will not hesitate to stand up for what she feels her rights to be." However, the reporter had "no adverse comments regarding the subject's moral or social behavior."

□ "The subject is said to lack initiative and is not a self-starter." The self-starter phrase appears frequently in personnel reports. To make things worse, the subject of this report was also guilty of thinking: "His attitudes are reflective." □

'Why should you know what we call you?'



TO GORDON KENNEDY (above), asking your neighbors about your drinking, driving and morals is a proper way to protect "the free-enterprise way of life, which gives us the best damn society in the world." It is a role he vigorously defends as the top man in Canada, regional vice-president, for the American-owned Retail Credit Company of Canada.

Retail Credit's protective enterprise grossed it \$8,931,945 in Canada in 1968 and Kennedy expects the 1969 figures to be better. He is 48, was raised in the Prairies. He joined Retail Credit in 1946, after he got out of the RCA, and when you visit him in his walnut-walled Toronto offices he wants you to call him Gord. He also wants you to know that "most of this fuss about credit reporting is false. We don't create a person's record. He must live with the consequences of his past actions."

Kennedy believes the press and politicians are wrong in their demands that credit agencies inform people of reports made about them, and restrict the personal questions they ask. "There's nothing wrong with good behavior," Kennedy says. "I don't think

KENNEDY continued

living for the record does anything but good for the individual. I don't see that it is necessary to let an individual know when a negative report is made about him. It would dry up the flow of business information. The whole society would suffer. People would be harassed for giving information. It would put up the costs of our business to the consumer. Employers wouldn't order reports on marginal people and they would suffer."

Furthermore, "if we cut the flow of business information, we stand in danger of Canadian industries being infiltrated." By whom? "Criminals. If we don't protect society we'll be working for the criminals," Kennedy says. "Looting, arson, rape—these are the people who infiltrate industry, drive cars, deal in credit." Does he turn up many criminals? "We don't keep such statistics. These are police matters."

Kennedy denies that his investigators are in effect paid by the report and do much of their work on the telephone (see page 5). "There are certain norms of production that an employee must fill, based on his salary, but if he was off sick, say, he'd still get his regular salary. So he is on salary," Kennedy says "most of our information is gained face to face . . . we do very little telephone work." Employees must have at least high-school education. In the Toronto area they start at \$450 to \$500 a month and "can go higher on performance and merit."

The questions the investigators ask are vital to business, Kennedy says. "In some cases, it would be pertinent to know if a person was a drinker, or didn't get along with his wife. If a man is having marital difficulties, his work could be affected . . . As long as the prospective employer knows the circumstances, he's in a position to employ a man and possibly help him."

Kennedy's investigators use an *Inspector's Handy Guide* that tells them what questions to ask. "What is the real cause

of the divorce?" is followed by, "Cover habits and morals prior to divorce and reputation since divorce." The sleuth who finds evidence of gonorrhea is warned: "Two or more attacks would be a tip that the applicant is leading a loose life and would warrant close investigation of morals." Kennedy says it's the insurance companies using his service that want to know "Are associations promiscuous or confined to one?" and "Has any family trouble resulted?"

There are places for the investigator to tick off whether your home is "well kept," "cluttered" or "unsanitary." The investigator must ask about you: "How is he regarded? Associates? Morals? Character? How is his family regarded? Wife's attitude and influence? Any difficulty with authorities? Driving reputation?" Sometimes the operative must even check out your dog — "Is dog vicious or friendly?"

Anyone who doesn't conform to some actuarial middle-American stereotype must be researched with special care. If a person seems fat: "Is excess weight concentrated, flabby, or well distributed and firm?" And: "The giants, the dwarfs, the misshapen — should receive special comment."

Kennedy explains: "By knowing all the details of the case — and most cases are perfectly all right — the insurance company can give policies to great numbers of people they might not otherwise take a chance on."

But shouldn't a subject have the right to know the questions asked and answered about his life? "Anybody who wants to can come in and talk to our managers about his file," Kennedy replies. "But he won't be allowed to see it." □

"Mr. . . . was dismissed from . . . We are told that he creates a very good impression but he is not a too hard worker and has the reputation to be a bluffer."

Summation in a personnel report by a rating agency

Next: the Multi-National Secrets Corp.?



A NOTE of worry has tempered Eric Kierans' usual buoyancy about the new age of computerized information systems. It is the worry that credit reporting and other firms are sending personal information about Canadians to be stored in memory banks in the United States. "We are losing control of how information will be stored and processed," the federal Communications Minister fears.

Credit and character files on Canadians are flowing on telephone lines into computers across the border now, according to people in Kierans' department. The two main U.S.-owned reporting agencies in Canada — Retail Credit Company of Canada and Hooper Holmes Bureau — and all the nation's 153 local credit bureaus have always been able to ship information south. But the data bank brings a new and awesome efficiency to the process. It could store your whole credit history plus all the other information that is on record about you — your birth, schooling, marriage, income taxes, city taxes, driving history, physical and mental medical history. Once, it was physically impossible to collect so much information about a man and his life. The data bank can do it all and print out an instant analysis of your habits and the way you think.

Enthusiasts in Kierans' department urge that Canada should spend billions, in public and private funds, to com-

pete with the United States in the computerized information industry. They say it will become as immense and influential as the automobile industry, or broadcasting. Right now, all Canada's computer manufacturing and half the companies that provide the space and time and programs in data banks are in American hands.

Kierans may propose a national computer network controlled by a public board, to stop what he sees as a dangerous drift. Otherwise, he says, Canada could pass privacy laws that could be bypassed through the storage of private information outside the country. Canadian courts would not be able to order a search of the records of a Canadian business. Facts about our resources could be stored abroad, for anyone to see. Professor Edward Ryan of the University of Western Ontario, adviser to a Commons committee studying privacy, would also have laws restricting the kind of information that may be sent out of Canada. One reason: "Without controls, these credit-reporting agencies can be foreign intelligence systems." □

"Hidden files on the private lives of Canadians, without their knowledge or consent, or right of rebuttal, bring the world of 1984 too close for comfort."

Justice Minister John Turner, to Maclean's

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The 300-to-1 shot that turned up a winner!

EACH MONTH *Maclean's* receives around 300 unsolicited manuscripts from would-be writers. Despite what many an aspiring Hemingway believes, we read them all. Some have good subjects, but are badly written; some are well-written unsuitable subjects. And once in a while we receive a happy marriage of subject and talent, such as the story by Pamela Andres, *Joe And Mariya In The Promised Land*.

Mrs. Andres is a 29-year-old ex-secretary now married to the game warden for the remote Dore Lake region of northern Saskatchewan. Frank Andres works long hours and is often away for days. To pass the time, Pamela sewed and knitted and baked — and when she wearied of these as a fulfilling means of passing the long, lonely winter hours, she turned to writing.

Unknowningly, she did what any professional writer would have advised: she wrote about the world she knew, the world of Dore Lake and its two dozen or so inhabitants, mostly Métis families, hermitlike bachelors who live by fishing and hunting, and mink ranchers whose homes are outposts of civilization. She wrote particularly of old Joe Jarusewich and his romantic, yet tragic, reunion with his 72-year-old wife Mariya last year.

Her story was well-written but, like all writers, she needed an editor to guide her through what we call the "fix," or rewrite, to meet *Maclean's* requirements. But editing cannot be done by mail, and Pamela Andres could not leave her husband and two tiny daughters to come to *Maclean's* head office in Toronto.

So we went to her. When director of photography Horst Ehrlich flew to Prince Albert and then drove the 130 miles to Dore Lake, to illustrate Mrs. Andres's story, writer-editor Alan Edmonds went along to spend three days helping Mrs. Andres prepare her story for publication. The results are on page 33. □

INSIDE MACLEAN'S

IN OUR VIEW — AND YOURS

- 13 PROUDLY WE STAND, THE 'BUTCHER'S HELPER' by Walter Stewart
- 16 EFFETE MAGAZINE DESIRES CHEST HAIRS
- 17 AISLIN'S PERSPECTIVE
- 20 VANCOUVER: NO CITY SQUARE . . . HIPPIES, YOU KNOW by Roland Wild
- 22 YOUR VIEW: LETTERS
- 28 COPS, KARATE, HATE, LOVE . . . AND ALL LIKE THAT by Bob Bossin
- 31 WHEN THE AIR RUNS OUT, WHERE WILL YOUR KIDS BE? by Harry Bruce

THE NATIONAL SCENE

- 1 CANADA REPORT: CREDIT SPIES CAN RUIN YOU by Courtney Tower
- 32 JOE AND MARIYA IN THE PROMISED LAND by Pamela Andres
- 42 WATER: THE SELLOUT THAT COULD END CANADA by Walter Stewart

MODERN LIVING

- 38 HOW WOMEN IN POWER KEEP OTHER WOMEN POWERLESS by Margaret Daly

SPORT

- 46 GORDIE HOWE: A GLIMPSE OF NINES TO COME

AT YOUR SERVICE

- 49 TRAVEL: TURKEY—WHERE TWO WORLDS MEET by James Montagnes
- 54 MONEY: MUTUAL FUNDS CAN BE LIKE TOO MUCH SHORTCAKE
- 55 MEDICINE: YOUR GUIDE TO THE MEDICARE MAZE by Derek Cassels
- 58 TRENDS: RAY MORIYAMA—DESIGNER OF SEDUCTION by Marjorie Harris
- 64 FASHIONS: SNOW, SAUNAS AND SWIMSUITS by Marjorie Harris
- 68 THE OUTDOORS: CAR RACES THAT DON'T KILL by William Cameron

REVIEWS

- 73 Philip Sykes on Books, Douglas Marshall on Television, current films of interest and Canada's entertainment story of the month. Plus a few surprises. What, for example, will Gordon Sinclair ask next? (See Contest — page 80)

PUZZLE

- 67 BILINGUAL CROSSWORD FOR NON-BILINGUAL PEOPLE—NO. 1 by Belle Hamilton

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Greek National Tourist Office
601 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 10017
(212) HA 1-5777

I don't want to wait another
moment. Send me more
information on the beautiful
bargains in Greece, 1970.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Province _____ Zone _____

MC-3

12:02 p.m.
This is the moment
to bicycle through
gleaming white
island villages. To
find a beach all
your own. And
spend the day
swimming,
snorkling and
sailing in the
crystalline blue
waters of the
Aegean.

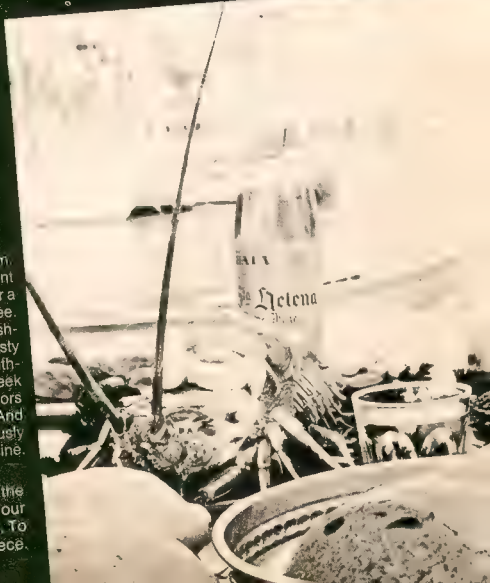


GREECE THIS IS THE MOMENT!

7:35 a.m.
This is the moment
to see ancient
temples glowing in
the warm morning
light. To dream of
gods and heroes
and history. To
feel the past
breathe again in
the clear air of
the present.

1:10 p.m.
This is the moment
to lunch under a
shady olive tree.
To relish fresh-
baked crusty
bread. Mouth-
watering Greek
olives and hors
d'oeuvres. And
sip a deliciously
dry white wine.

1970. This is the
moment. Your
moment. To
discover Greece.



Canada, too, does her bloody bit in Vietnam—
and, gee, it feels good (BELOW)

In BC, “hippie” still equals “rioter” (P. 20)

Our Token Radical meets a real one (P. 28)

Father of Three awaits the Day of Judgment (P. 31)

And *Maclean's* readers offer a piece of their mind
and the back of their hand on everything from
the monarchy, to bug killers, to sexploitation



BY WALTER STEWART

Proudly we stand, the 'butcher's helper' in Southeast Asia

WHEN I READ ABOUT an American soldier firing a clip of tracer bullets into a group of women and children in some Mekong hamlet, I feel a quiet thrill of pride. The vivid description of a fighter-bomber snarling across the hills near Khe Sang, spraying napalm, sends a surge of patriotism coursing through my veins. An eyewitness account of bombs wrenching at rice paddies along the Ho Chi Minh Trail stirs me like the cry of bugles. After all, I tell myself, it's our war, too.

The ammunition for that soldier's

rifle may have ridden in a De Havilland Caribou built at Malton, Ontario; that napalm-spraying fighter-bomber was almost certainly equipped with a Canadian-made Marconi Doppler Navigation System; those bombs along the Ho Chi Minh Trail may have been made from dynamite shipped out of Valleyfield, Quebec, and disgorged by a bombing computer fashioned in Rexdale, Ontario.

For too long, now, the Americans have been taking all the glory in Vietnam. We do our part, too. Oh, I know we don't send troops in. After all, we are members of the International Control Commission and, as then-External Affairs Minister Paul Martin once told the House of Commons, "Our membership in the Commission makes Canada an independent witness, and this role we must continue to exercise objectively and impartially." We do this by selling Americans the weapons they need to kill Gooks, Dinks and Slope-Heads. I like to think of this as "creative impartiality," or maybe even "profit-oriented objectivity."

We furnish arms under the Canada-U.S. Defense Production Sharing Agreement, which allows us to bid for military contracts across the border, just as if we were Americans — and at war with Vietnam. Under that agreement, we have sold more than \$2.5 billion worth of war material since 1959, from fill for land mines to jackets for bullets, from complex electronic gear to the Green Berets worn so proudly through many a smashed hamlet (they're sewn together in Toronto). We even put out an annual catalogue. *Canadian De-*

fence Commodities, a kind of War-monger's Shopping Guide, with illustrations of some of the goodies we have to offer, and we send troops of salesmen around the U.S. to drum up business. (I remember reading an account in the *New York Times* about a U.S. soldier throwing an elderly peasant into a well and dropping a hand grenade in after him; I couldn't help wondering if it was one of Ours.)

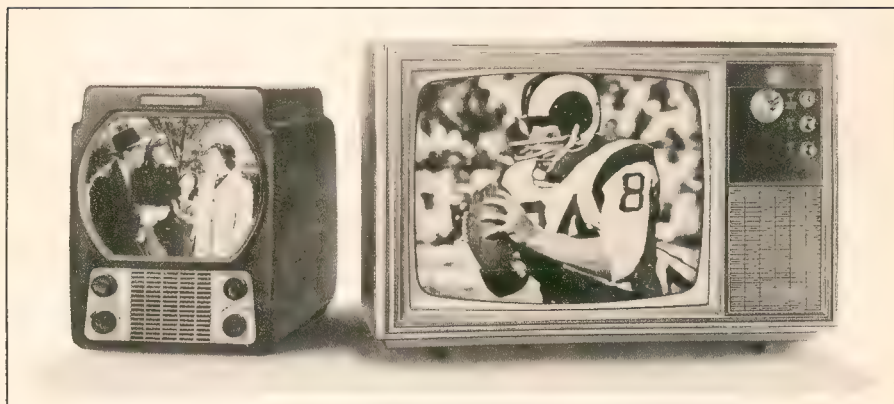
While we don't go around big-mouthing our role the way some nations might, the Americans appreciate what we're doing. A senior U.S. Defense official told me, "Canada's contribution has been considerable." It wasn't so much the volume of what we sell — last year, we supplied about \$350-million worth — as our expertise in those fields we have made our specialty. Nobody makes a better bombing computer than the one turned out by Litton Systems, just outside Toronto, and our navigation systems are installed in nearly all U.S. military aircraft. "If we didn't have this material, it wouldn't cripple us," the Pentagon man told me, "but it would hurt."

There are some lily-livered ninny-hammers who think we should scrap the defense-sharing agreement. I don't understand them. Here is a deal that brings us profit, brings the U.S. munitions, and doesn't hurt anybody, except a bunch of Yellow Faces, and you are not, for God's sake, going to bring them into it!

At one time, I thought it wasn't such a good idea to sell arms to the Americans. Article 17 of the 1954 Geneva Convention specifically prohibits importing arms into Vietnam

continued on page 16

more quality
more colour
...more value too!



how come?

People may reminisce about the "good old days" . . . but rarely about the good old products. Nowadays, modern science and technology has brought some pretty fabulous things our way. Take, for instance, television. In 1950, a 10" black and white set was a buy at \$595. Today, for that price, we expect a better set that's twice the size. And we get it in colour too.

How come? Many reasons. Advertising is one of them. Advertising spreads the word to millions of people. It is the desires of millions that makes mass production practical. And mass production makes low costs possible.

Take a look around you. Part of our good life is the good things in it. And advertising helps good things happen.

advertising helps
good things happen

5-JPB-E

**“It was our first vacation alone
in twelve years.**

**Dick felt so bad about losing
our money, I did my best to pretend
it didn't really matter.”**



Dick and June Stanley were hardly what you'd call experienced travelers—so they took along cash instead of American Express Travelers Cheques.

The third afternoon in Miami Dick's wallet disappeared. He

blamed it on himself—said it must have fallen out of a jacket he'd draped over his shoulder. In any event, goodbye \$320.

The Stanleys decided there was nothing to do but pack up and go home.

It didn't have to happen.

Suppose the Stanleys had lost American Express Travelers Cheques instead of cash. Then they could have gone to the local American Express office or representative—we're all over the world—and got their missing Cheques replaced. Result—one vacation rescued.

Another big advantage: No other form of money is as

acceptable as American Express Travelers Cheques. Our Cheques are good all over the world. At restaurants, motels, hotels, gas stations, nightclubs, stores.

You can get American Express Travelers Cheques where you



*American Express Travelers Cheques—
the money you can't really lose.*

bank. They come in denominations of \$10, \$20, \$50 and \$100, and they cost just 1¢ for every dollar's worth.

Which means that for \$3.20, Dick and June Stanley could have saved themselves a lot of grief.

American Express Travelers Cheques

AMERICAN EXPRESS

FOR PEOPLE WHO TRAVEL

WALTER STEWART continued

and, as members of the ICC, we are pledged to enforce that convention. Somehow it didn't seem quite right that we should be in the business of breaking it. Government spokesmen used to say that, well, we didn't know *for sure* that our weapons were going to Vietnam, and I accepted that, but one time I traced a shipment of dynamite from the Canadian Industries Limited plant at Valleyfield, Quebec, into a munitions plant at Crane, Indiana, where it was made into bombs and loaded on trucks for transport to Vietnam. "When your bombs go out of here," the deputy director of ordinance told me, "they're still warm." Well, that gave me a kind of queasy feeling, so I raised the issue the other day with one of our diplomats in Washington, an attaché connected to Canada-U.S. military liaison. I asked him about our role on the ICC and our role as arms salesman, and he set me straight. "I think you're being a little bit nit-picking," he told me. You see how these diplomats operate, their mastery of the language. Objection to an official policy of profitable, bloody-handed hypocrisy could be called a lot of things, but I never would have thought of "nit-picking."

This same diplomat gave me a speech written by former Prime Minister Lester Pearson which sets out the official Canadian position. He asked me to "read, heed and inwardly digest" the speech. I did, and I'm glad I did. Pearson said just about what Prime Minister Trudeau says, that the defense-sharing deal began before the Vietnam war, that to abrogate it would not end the war but would hurt Canada economically (about 100,000 jobs would be affected), and that it would make the Americans very cross. It's as if we ran a large department store and our best customer bought, among other things, a lot of guns. Then it turned out that he used our guns to rob banks. Should we stop selling him ammunition just because of that? After all, he was a customer before he was a bank robber. What if he stopped buying from us altogether? We'd have to lay off staff, and that wouldn't stop robberies.

No, it's as the attaché told me, "The question is not our view of the ICC, but our view of the piece of real estate called North America, which we share with the U.S. We may not agree with what they're doing in Vietnam, but you don't forsake your friends just because they do something you don't like."

"It's as if," he went on, drawing a brilliant parallel, "you had a neighbor whose dog was destroying your bush-

Articles wanted: effete magazine desires chest hairs

NOW MAGAZINE OF PAST?

Not to put too fine a point on it, Maclean's has become an appalling magazine, unworthy of the great name it perpetuates and the legislative concern its plight has aroused in Ottawa. It is irrelevant to consider its virtues and shortcomings in detail; its cardinal fault is that it has lost touch with the Canadian public it once served so well, and has become a purely parochial publication whose outlook reflects its Toronto origins. To some degree, nations may be said to have a sex, and to that degree Canada is

male, and exhibits mostly masculine characteristics. Maclean's, by contrast, is almost totally feminine, full of bright chatter and naive soul-searchings; one wonders whether the magazine requires a men's room for its staff. . . .

If there is ever again to be a real national magazine in this increasingly regionalized country, it will probably have to be published outside the Toronto-Montreal axis, preferably by someone with a few hairs on his chest to match the brains in his head.

—From a recent editorial,
Orillia Packet and Times

IT CERTAINLY is a good thing that, just above our men's room (it's hardly ever used any more), there are the offices of The Canadian Press Clipping Service, and that *Maclean's* subscribes to the service. Otherwise, we might never have seen that bracing and hairy-chested editorial from the *Orillia Packet and Times*, and that would have been our loss. In the past, we have only suspected that our magazine could use a few more hairs on its chest. The lusty advice of the *Packet and Times* has forced us to think about growing the hairs, and we're grateful.

We're pretty sure the editor of the *Packet and Times* will regard it as typical of us effete snobs that none of us even threatened to go up there into the real Canada and horsepimp him but, actually, the business of searching souls really has left us feeling distinctly effete lately — one might even say fagged out — and, in any event, we feel that everyone should be big enough to profit from constructive and well-meant criticism. The man wouldn't have said those

things unless he really *cared* about *Maclean's* and, what the hell, since the *Packet and Times* is one of Thomson Newspapers, Limited, it would have been hard to know whom to horsepimp anyway. Not only that, the Thomson organization handles the business of all its hairy-chested Canadian newspapers from an office that's only 100 yards down the street from us. In a sense, they are fellow denizens of the effeminate axis of Toronto-Montreal, and who wants to whip a good neighbor? Like all good magazines of the past, we'd rather settle our differences over a good chaw of 'baccy.

It is for all these reasons that we would now like to dedicate some short verse to the editor of the *Packet and Times*. Appropriately, we feel, the verse appeared first on the editorial page of his own paper, in the very manner "Poet's Corner." It goes like this:

"Greetings, senior citizen,
Your steps a wee bit slow,
Take your time on slippery streets,
And please don't shovel snow." □

es. Now you might not like it, but you would learn to accept it." Especially, if I may continue the parallel, when any attempt to trifle with the dog might result in having your throat torn out. By that I mean that if we broke the defense-sharing agreement, our friends and neighbors would be, as an associate secretary of defense once told me, "pretty goddam upset," and might exact economic reprisals.

Well, we are an accommodating people, especially where the Americans are concerned. When India and Pakistan squared off against each other, we embargoed arms at once; when war broke out between Israel and Egypt, we did the same; but not in Vietnam. We don't take it amiss that we can send munitions to South Vietnam but, because most of our big

drug companies are U.S.-owned and constrained by their Trading With The Enemy Act, we cannot send medicines to North Vietnam. We even help the Americans with chemical and bacteriological warfare, at Suffield, Alta. There, our scientists study germ and gas weapons, so we'll know what to do if ever the bad guys try them on us. This research is turned over to our allies, and what they do with it is none of our business. If we can swallow that, we should have no difficulty adjusting to a continuing role as butcher's helper in Southeast Asia.

So, the next time you see a picture of a Vietnamese baby lying in a puddle of his own blood, don't let the Americans take all the glory. That blood is ours, too. Credit where credit is due, is what I say. □

AISLIN'S PERSPECTIVE: John Munro—to legalize or not to legalize



continued on page 20

Your bag?



Our bag!



Pot, b.c. pills, acid. Some do, most don't. They tell why on CBC Radio's Action Set. Open minded, open ended. Interviews with the Beatles, Dick Gregory and many, many others who matter. Music and the music scene from London, Nashville, San Francisco, L.A., and Toronto. Fashion, records, books, movies, ideas. Features on protests, pollution, politics... Whatever your bag, add CBC Radio's 'Action Set'.

'action set'
Saturdays



Hertz has a better way to go. No matter where you go.

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Figure the road expenses, accommodation, food, depreciation and hours wasted using your own car, and you'll see why a plane and a Hertz car can save you plenty of time and money.

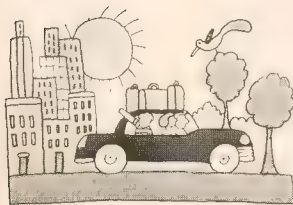
And spare you the aggravation of missed connections and broken schedules.



Hertz has a better way to go on vacation.

Go when you want to go, see what you want to see. With a Hertz car your whole family can vacation for less, because the driver's seat is the only seat you pay for. Road maps, tour guides, even currency conversion tables are always available.

At many Hertz counters there's the Hertz Weekend Special. You get a Hertz car from late Friday afternoon to early Monday morning at a special low rate. With Hertz, even small vacations can be great.



A Hertz car goes when your car won't go.

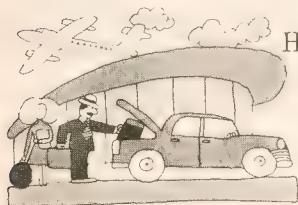
If your car breaks down, we can replace it with a Hertz convertible, station wagon, sports car, economy or luxury sedan—all in top working order. Throughout Canada, as a matter of policy, Hertz cars go through a 19-point check before we give you the keys.



Hertz has a better way to get you in and out of airports.

Just about everywhere there's an airport, there's a Hertz counter. With a Hertz girl behind it. Sometimes there's also a

Hertz "Golden Girl" in front of it. She's there to see that you get your Ford or other fine car in double-quick time. And on your return, she'll make sure you can unrent it just as swiftly.



Hertz

A better way to go.

BY ROLAND WILD

Sorry, Vancouver, no city square for you. Hippies, you know

THE THING easterners are never able to grasp about the west coast is that, out here, our public men do not pussyfoot. They say what they mean, flat out, and if they sometimes strike you as absurd or simple-minded that's only because easterners aren't used to politicians who have the guts to call things as they really see them. Easterners are too imbued with all that sissy stuff about politics being the art of compromise to appreciate the public frankness of a man such as, say, our William Neelands Chant. Chant is British Columbia's Minister of Public Works, and he's had the job for 15 years. He's 74, and is the oldest provincial cabinet minister in the country. He keeps his nose to the grindstone, and guarantees that his staff favor motherhood, the Crown, and public buildings that do not offend Victorians. Anyway, if he's good enough for Wacky Bennett he's good enough for most of us.

Now, to get back to his saying what he thinks. Chant has defined Prime Minister Trudeau as an upstart, but more interesting and recent than that, there was his direct and refreshingly bold statement on the dangerous threat of hippiedom in public places. One need hardly explain that, in Chant's unequivocal view, hippies are undesirable. Anyway, the Mayor of Vancouver, Tom (Terrific) Campbell, had tried to talk the provincial government into swapping some property with the city so that Vancouver might have a civic square next to the old downtown courthouse. Tom (Terrific) Campbell is wealthy, he wears side-whiskers, he's a young whipper-snapper of only 41, and he's pleased to be known as a real ball of fire. In this case, however, his energy failed to impress the provincial government and, after a while, Chant explained why:

"This is an undesirable project with the temper of society the way it is today. What type of people do you get in such a square? The hippies. It would be a good place to start a riot. A lot of these Communist-inspired people could come down there to raise hell." (NDP hippies are the worst kind.)

Beautiful, eh? Chant had unerringly put his finger on one of the great sources of trouble in our time. Big

DDT: It wasn't all bad

Regarding your article The Death Of A Seagull: There is no evidence, even circumstantial, that "DDT may depreciate human reproductive rates, affect human behavioral patterns, and cause cancer." India has been intensively exposed to DDT. The period of heavy use was accompanied by a population explosion, and an increase in human life expectancy from 32 to 47 years along with the eradication of malaria. There was no cancer among workers at a factory where DDT was made for 23 years; some of these men were exposed for up to 19 years to levels of DDT 400 times as great as the general population, and 35 of them sired more than 100 children. Many experiments with laboratory animals indicate that DDT is not carcinogenic.

—Thomas Jukes, Professor of Medical Physics, University of California, Berkeley

Jon Ruddy did an excellent job on the dead-gull article. It is both factually correct and lyrical, no mean accomplishment. Well done.

—D. A. Chant, Professor and Chairman of the Department of Zoology, University of Toronto

public squares. Was he stupid enough to approve a land swap that would repeat the classic errors of Trafalgar Square, Washington Square, and St. Peter's in Rome? By jove, sir, he was not! Even now, one could almost hear the echo of horses' hooves as the Cossacks cleared the Petrograd squares in 1917, and the rattle of rifle fire as the rabble swarmed in Place Vendôme. True, the hippies, being barefoot, might not be very noisy, but the threat was nevertheless clear. Careful analysis by the Public Works Department had apparently shown that wherever you have a mid-city park, or a plaza, or a fountain, there you also have hippies. There are hundreds of hippies, not only in Vancouver but even in Victoria itself; and, around the world, the lesson is clear for all who have the courage to contemplate it. There are hippies in Piccadilly Circus, in Moscow's Red Square, in St. Mark's in Venice, in the marketplace in Katmandu, and even among the camels in the great caravanserais of Afghanistan.

Continuing his remarks on Squares, The Danger In Our Midst, Chant said, "Much depends on where a square is, on how close to a certain area. If you do have open spaces, they should not be so large in area as a block. Smaller squares downtown should serve the purpose better. It's much easier to control crowds in smaller areas..."

Tom (Terrific) Campbell was dis-

appointed. He is no hero to the hippie community himself but, he said, "I'm prepared to take a chance that hippies, and other people, will use a pleasant square in the centre of the city. But I don't follow the minister's reasoning. How big are the smaller squares that he recommends? What's the minimum size of big squares that he calls dangerous? Is this becoming a civil-defense problem? Do we have to enlist the advice of the police and the armed services before we plan a city?"

By midwinter, however, it was doubtful that anything young Campbell had to say would shake Chant from his irrefutable logic: big squares bring out hippies and Reds; hippies and Reds are undesirable; therefore, no big squares in Vancouver. Easterners could use a few men like Chant in their governments: to use that popular hippie expression, they "say it like it is." □

What's a wife worth?

In You & Your Money (December) you stated: "Non-working wives normally should not be insured. Putting it coldly, it does not usually cost a man much money to lose his wife. His reduced costs should help pay for a household help after his wife's death."

Thanks a whole lot!

Mrs. R. E. Morrison, housewife and mother, Tarrytown, New York

continued on page 22

ONTO EVERY CAR A LITTLE RAIN, SNOW, OR SLEET MUST FALL.

Life for an automobile is not all palm trees, polo ponies and white sandy beaches as the car ads would lead you to believe.

At Volvo, we accept life as it is. For better and for worse.

For instance, before we send a Volvo out into the world, it's covered with 33 pounds of paint, primer and rustproofing instead of a ton of chrome.

This is one of the reasons why 9 out of every 10 Volvos registered in Canada in the last eleven years are still on the road.

That's not a guarantee.

It's a fact of life.



LETTERS

Canada abroad: handicapped

WALTER STEWART's article on Canadian foreign service (*Should We Haul Down The Flag In Addis Ababa?*) was well-balanced and informative. To a large extent, the role of foreign service is intelligence-gathering, analysis and dissemination. In this role our foreign services have been handicapped by the lack of in-depth support: this country lacks serious area research establishments where government, universities and industry resources can be combined for the purpose of analysis and dissemination of useful knowledge; our training facilities for future diplomats, trade commissioners, export planners, etc., are inadequate; our embassies in many countries are understaffed and rotation of personnel is too frequent to develop regional expertise. Having been involved in a number of overseas projects, I can testify to the high calibre of many officials I have met, and inadequate facilities that make them less effective than they could and should be. — K. W. STUDNICKI-GIZBERT, FELLOW, MC LAUGHLIN COLLEGE, ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR OF ECONOMICS, YORK UNIVERSITY, TORONTO

* It would seem to make sense if most of our foreign missions were reduced in scope and converted into trade. However, I cannot agree with Walter Stewart's statement: "... the world that needed us to straighten out the mess of Suez in 1956." We can now see that Lord Avon was right. If Britain and France had been allowed to stabilize the Middle East and keep the Canal open with some of the profits going to Egypt, there would be few Arab guerrillas today, no six-day war, no Israeli with a hangover from the heady wine of victory, and no extension of Russian military power. Furthermore, our "peace-keeping" forces didn't really keep any peace at all, because as soon as Nasser wanted to fight he kicked them out. — G. BARRICK, WESTLOCK, ALTA.

Hang in there, Derek

Re those January letters that were critical of Derek Sanderson and your article about him (*The Dead-End Kid Who Wants To Be A Superstar*): Man, why can't the older generation lay off Sanderson? What did he ever do to them, besides give their kids someone to look up to? Maybe this is what the trouble is. Instead of their kids looking up to them and having a father-and-son routine, the kids are digging some other guy. According to some of your readers he is breaking down our morals, but whose morals are they afraid of being destroyed? Sure he has a few hang-ups, but man, who doesn't? Hang in there, Derek, we're behind you all the way. BRI DAVID BADGER, SHERBROOKE, QUE.

* As athletes, we deplore the implications for the sports world underlying the article on Derek Sanderson. We question

Maclean's choice for the new hockey idol, a person whose pattern of life (treating women like toys and clean sportsmanship like the plague), has been made synonymous with his making it to the "top" in hockey (or perhaps any endeavor). Sanderson's private life is his own business, but it should not be portrayed as the standard for aspiring young hockey players. The writer of the article seems totally unaware of the manner in which our nation's youth look up to and pattern their lives after professional athletes. — BRUCE COULTER, GARTH SMITH, AL GRAZYS, WILL MITCHELL, RON PEROWNE, JR., ERIK IVERSEN, WAYNE RAHM, RICHARD HAFFENDEN, LARRY SMITH, JR., BOB SOMMERVILLE, CHARLES MACLEAN, PHILIP STOTE, CARL TOUCHIE, ROSS BARRETT, DON GIFFIN, DON LIESMER, KEN CHIPMAN, BISHOP'S UNIVERSITY, LENOXVILLE, QUE.

Insurance man: you need him

The December *You & Your Money* column (*Don't Buy By Formula — Buy What You Need*) appeared to be a glib attempt to discredit the life-insurance salesman and you have done a disservice to the thousands of conscientious, well-qualified life-insurance agents who perform a valuable service for their clients. H. V. WILLIAMS, WINNIPEG

Question for the 1970s

If, as you predict in *How To Make It To 1979*, the "big book" of the 70s will be written by a feminist, please allow me to riposte before the fact.

Since we've fought the fight for progress,

And the sexes both are free,

Now that men are men,

And women are men,

What will become of me?

If I listen to the experts

Sounding off, it would appear

I must turn in my vocation

On a hand-maiden career.

I should throw away my duster,

Join the mad commercial whirl,

But I wasn't born a lunatic,

I just was born a girl.

And those guys (?) designing

garments,

Do they know the lives it wrecks?

When I long for robes diaphanous

They hand me "unisex."

So I'll make my own, by golly,

And I'll try to make 'em fit.

Gee, there must be something

wrong with me,

I love to sew and knit.

Just the same we're educated

In a true equality,

And we all come out of college

With the same BA degree,

And we all get launched together

On a rampant earning spree.

Oh, when men are men

And women are men,

What will become of me?

MURIEL NICKEL, OTTAWA

University will change them

As a student in my final undergraduate year, I read with interest your article *These Shall Inherit The Earth*. From my experience, university is the stage at which by far the greatest change and re-evaluation take place in the individual. Your article suggests that if this sort of person is going into university, after four years the same kind will emerge. I feel that if you interview the same students three years from now you will discover in most cases a substantial shift in their views.

F. DAVID ROUNTHWAITE, TORONTO

Volunteers: for Social Credit, too

In that segment of *A New Direction For The New Democrats: LEFT!* (Canada Report), dealing with last August's campaign in Vancouver Centre, the general implication was that the campaign of the two NDP candidates was done by volunteers, while the campaign of Social Credit's Evan Wolfe and myself did not involve the constituents. I must point out we canvassed every poll with volunteer help, built a Play Park, sponsored a picnic rally for 2,000 people, and all of this was done with volunteer help. I would also point out that our campaign was run without any outside organizers (the NDP brought in Gordon Brigen from Ontario and Mrs. Page from Ottawa) and we matched leaflet for leaflet, sign for sign, with our opponents.

H. P. CAPOZZI, MLA, VANCOUVER CENTRE

Pollution: the war is now

Congratulations for your well-documented Canada Report, *The People vs. Pollution*. Few industries care to acknowledge culpability for environmental pollution, including noise. A case in point is the X Canning Company where I was Supervisor of Quality Control. Communication was accomplished by shouting above the din. Simple, low-cost solutions to this problem would have resulted in worthwhile improvements in safety, health and productivity. Management, choosing to retire to its peaceful offices in an adjoining building, was not interested.

ROBERT G. JONES, POINT GATINEAU, QUE.

* Congratulations on your public-spirited report. It's an extremely serious problem, far worse than most people realize. We need more such articles, in particular those with specific, practical information on what the concerned citizen can do.

STANLEY MILLS, NUNS' ISLAND, MONTREAL

* With regard to the development of a phosphate-free detergent, may I point out that the work was done by Dr. Philip Jones, who was my thesis supervisor, and myself. The original idea for this project was Dr. Jones's. Furthermore, while developing a pollution-free detergent, I received many helpful suggestions from Dr. Jones. — F. G. FLYNN, DEPARTMENT OF CIVIL ENGINEERING, UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

continued on page 24

The bulldog breed won't bite.



This is an invitation to have a drink.

A drink in the only country that would think of trying to attract tourists with its drinking habits.

Britain.

No other country could do it. No other country has anything near the British pub.

Don't ask what a British pub looks like. They don't even look like each other.

The building is irrelevant. It's the people that matter. The atmosphere.

The conversation that explains why there isn't a TV set behind the bar.

It could be a coaching inn in Warwickshire. A thatched pub in the countryside of Cornwall. A poet's pub in London. Or a spanking new pub down the road.

We suggest you come over, pick up a pint, and find out. That's what they're there for. You can find out about us. We can find out about you.

And while we're chatting, you can sample some of the best value for money food in the world. British Pub food. For under \$1, you can choose from real Cornish Pasties, Scotch Eggs, or dozens of local cheeses.

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Pollution and Prince Rupert: The defense and the critic

I FEEL IT IS necessary to correct some inaccurate and libelous statements made in the January Canada Report, *The People*



vs. Pollution. Courtney Tower begins his article with the statement, "Prince Rupert, British Columbia, reeks from end to end," and continues, "Three fish plants dump offal over the ends of wharves, where it simmers and stews." In fairness, I cannot blame the author entirely, for he quotes from that infallible source of all knowledge on pollution, Dr. Donald Chant of the University of Toronto. Dr. Chant, like most modern crusaders, makes use of gross exaggeration to accomplish sensationalism, and so get his point across. The trouble with this technique is that the dividing line between exaggeration and falsehood is pretty fine, and Dr. Chant's statements about Prince Rupert fall in the latter category. The Professor of Zoology visited our city a short time ago, for about three hours. Dr. Chant also spent some time on a fish boat out of Prince Rupert when he was a student. This must have been some years ago, and times in Prince Rupert, as elsewhere in Canada, have changed. To be specific, no fish plant dumps offal in Prince Rupert harbor. All scraps and "offal" are made into mink feed and fertilizer, and have been for many years. Unfortunately, science has not yet perfected a method of making fertilizer and processing fish without a smell, but in my medical practice I have not yet seen anyone's health damaged by an odor. My home is located within a few blocks of two of the reduction plants, and, while we notice a characteristic smell during the fishing season, no one has been near "vomiting." The pulp mills he refers to are located eight miles from Prince Rupert, and on the other side of a mountain. It is true that smoke emanates from their stacks, but if it contains sulphur dioxide there has been no noticeable effect on the foliage in the area over the past 18 years. It certainly does not pollute the air over Prince Rupert. The effluent from the original mill is discharged into tidal water behind Kaien Island. The Department of Fisheries has been watching the effect of this waste on the fish life but has not been able to demonstrate any harmful effect. The second mill discharges its effluent through a pipeline directly into the ocean. A committee of the Chamber of Commerce, of which I am chairman, has just completed a survey of the pollution problems in the Prince Rupert area, and has found no significant harm to humans or interference with the ecology of the district. If Dr. Chant's investigation and report on Prince Rupert is a fair sample of the scientific approach used at the University of Toronto, God help the university! — DR. R. G. LARGE, CHAIRMAN, COMMITTEE ON POLLUTION CONTROL, PRINCE RUPERT CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

NOTHING QUIVERS, when prodded, like an exposed nerve. Dr. Large's letter is a prime example of this interesting phenomenon. He also uses the "shotgun" technique of reaction that sprays the entire landscape with so much hysterical rebuttal, denial and abuse that it is difficult to know where to begin rational comment. One gains the distinct impression from this letter that Dr. Large is an advocate of pollution — an incredible conclusion, and one that I hope is not true. I challenge Dr. Large that any statements I have made regarding Prince Rupert are falsehoods. Three kinds of pollution were attributed to this community: (1) there is not even a primary sewage-disposal system, which means that all of the city's human excrement and other domestic waste is discharged directly into the Pacific Ocean. This ocean is a Canadian asset, not the exclusive sewer of some communities in BC, and I resent treating our ocean in this way; (2) there is dumping of refuse from Prince Rupert's fishing industry into the city's natural harbor, one of the finest in the world; and (3) the pulp mill operated by Columbia Cellulose lies within the city boundary, even if it is "located eight miles from Prince Rupert," and it does cause acute air and water pollution in the area. Two comments of Dr. Large demonstrate the so-called "yahoo approach" to anti-pollution programs. One: he has yet to see "anyone's health damaged by an odor," which is a complete denial of any sense of environmental aesthetics or morality (no matter how intolerable the stink, if it doesn't demonstrably damage your health, forget it!); and, two: the suggestion that because effluent is discharged directly into the ocean, everything is fine and can be accepted. The capacity of the ocean, or any other large body of water, to absorb pollution insult is not limitless, as we have seen so tragically with the Great Lakes. My feelings about pollution in Prince Rupert are intensified by my conviction that it is one of Canada's most charming cities, located in one of the most beautiful settings imaginable. I shudder to think of its future environmental quality being vested in Dr. Large and his committee on pollution of the local Chamber of Commerce. The most basic of all principles relating to the protection and restoration of environmental quality in Canada is that we must admit that problems exist. All too often, local, parochial authorities adopt a defensive, almost fetal, position when pollution problems are revealed. Unless this reaction of all-too-human nature can be overcome and meaningful and effective programs of pollution control put into effect, our future is bleak and hopeless indeed. — D. A. CHANT, PROFESSOR AND CHAIRMAN, DEPARTMENT OF ZOOLOGY, UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

Where has all the magic gone?

As the 24-year-old mother of a very good (also very beautiful) bouncing baby boy, and the lucky wife of the most honest, kind, gentle and understanding husband in the whole world (who also happens to be very handsome), may I congratulate Kathy McKeown on her excellent and long-overdue article in the January issue (Platform). I too am sick to death of the false and very warped sense of values of the majority of young people today (who, incidentally, have had this instilled in them by their parents, whose own sense of values is no better) when they judge the worth of a human being by what he owns, rather than by what he is.

YVONNE DIENESCH, BOTHWELL, ONT.

* I time with Kathy McKeown that it is time we began to appraise our values. These masses of introverts are so steeped in avarice that they miss the magic of living and of being a necessary part of this wondrous, creative world. Consideration for others is a forgotten attribute. Thank you for giving us the shock treatment.

MARGE HUGHES, LONDON, ONT.

* I thought girls like Kathy McKeown were extinct. Thank God they are not. There are a lot of us bachelors who would like to meet an honest girl for a change.

TED POWER, DOWNSVIEW, ONT.

* If I didn't know better I would think someone had tapped my brain and written down my thoughts. Regarding the threat that people like us will become

continued on page 26

Maclean's strikes again!



You will be interested to know that last night I was glancing at the article on External Affairs in your December issue (SHOULD WE HAUL DOWN THE FLAG IN ADDIS ABABA?) when I noticed a large and venomous-looking scorpion moving toward my seven-year-

old daughter. These noxious creatures are fairly prevalent in the African summer here. I swung hard and successfully with your magazine, although I must report that the scorpion made a squishy mess on the elegant striped pants in your cover picture. From now on I will be the first to admit that MACLEAN'S has its uses! —

H. H. CARTER, AMBASSADOR, CANADIAN EMBASSY, PRETORIA, SOUTH AFRICA



Lei on the Beachcomber

LETTERS continued

extinct. I have evolved a theory to substantiate it. Due to our philosophy and code of personal ethics, we do not engage in the contemporary game of musical beds that would enhance our chances of reproduction. For my own part, I now know what the world's last male carrier pigeon felt like. No, Kathy, we are not extinct yet, but we are most assuredly in the minority. If that fellow of yours ever turns you off, kid, I would like to know about it.

J. G. MCLEOD, HALIFAX

How Now — and Wow!

My score of 31 in Cathy Wismer's quiz, *How Now Are You?*, dramatically confirms the suspicions of my friends and relatives that somehow this kid is just not with it. Twenty-one years old and relegated to the status of a "then" person. Wow!

JOHN MERRIAM, MONTREAL

* After reading *How Now Are You?*, I am sure there exists in Canada a subculture that can be termed the *Maclean's* Mentality Set.

GIOIA ACACIA, MISSISSAUGA, ONT.

* Cathy Wismer, lose 50 points for your rotten attitude toward Pierre Berton.

JEFF EBY, GALT, ONT.

* Contest editor Cathy Wismer loses 20 points for overbearing elitism and for being generally out of date. The Mamas And Papas no longer exist, neither do The Traffic, The Animals and The Mothers of Invention. Brian Jones is dead, leaving four Rolling Stones. There is a rolling stone is one quarter (not "one fifth") of a British rock group. Blind patriotism may be all right but it doesn't justify making David Clayton-Thomas leader of The Blood, Sweat and Tears. Lead singer or lead guitarist does not a leader make. It's hard to justify not calling Skip Prokop leader of The Paupers (although he is now with The Light-house) when you're willing to use defunct groups. The Inkspots may be old but such groups as The Temptations owe more of their brand of soul to the Inkspots than to Howlin' Wolf and Muddy Waters. And the Inkspots have more right to be on any pop list than The 1910 Fruit Gum Company.

G. GOLDIE, REGINA

Cathy Wismer replies: "I'll take a loss of two points for not being more specific about the groups. The quiz was designed for recognition of groups current or defunct. The mortality rate of pop groups is too high to start separating the new ones from the old. You can subtract another three points for David Clayton-Thomas and Brian Jones. Thomas is only the lead singer and a rolling stone is now one quarter of an English rock group. The Inkspots are old and knowing about them as well as you do still loses you three points (the now generation probably hasn't ever heard of them)."



Why "modesty" if it's sexier than nudity?

Sex — enough, enough!

In *The Return Of Modesty* we are told that nudity is not sexy enough, that "modesty" is more alluring and sexy. Nude bodies lend themselves too readily to analysis and that isn't sexy enough. Only covered bodies are tantalizingly sexy, etc. Nothing against sex or man's sexuality, but haven't we perhaps just a bit too much of sex thrown at us — with sometimes dire results — without *Maclean's* pushing it harder yet? Does *Maclean's* want to contribute to a further deterioration of the nation's standards?

REV. H. L. WIPPRECHT, COBALT, ONT.

* What is the point of having those seminude guys tangle with the models? Seems to us these fashions could be advertised without this foolishness!

M. A. PODHORN, ALEX STARR, SASKATOON, SASK.

BS&T: they blow their own

By using "rock" as a catch-all term to describe music where the musicians use loud, offensive electric guitars and a simple technique, jazzman Moe Koffman displays an ignorance of many rock groups where fine musicianship is obviously manifest (*Why Do Kids Dig Rock?*). Referring to the Blood, Sweat and Tears, he suggests that the flute solo on one of their tracks was done by a "40-year-old studio musician." In fact, it was done by Dick Halligan, a member of the band and I have seen the piece performed in concert. Furthermore, BS&T is a group of trained musicians, five of the nine members having been graduated from the Juilliard School of Music in New York City. — MITCHELL SUDOLSKY, ITHACA, NEW YORK

Monarchy: no cost to Canada

In January Talkback M. P. Stilla, London, Ont., complains about "how utterly

stupid we Canadians can be by allowing ourselves to contribute financially to the outdated and useless trappings of the monarchy." What, may I ask, financial contribution does Canada make to the monarchy? The answer is: none.

JAMES MCGREGOR, OTTAWA

* Canada contributes nothing to the Royal Family. And I have been told by several people who have been in constant touch with the present family, that the Royal Family lives very simply when alone. It would cost Canada a lot to house and support a president!

GLADYS THOMPSON, VICTORIA

No time for breakfast . . .

In *The 1960s — Remember?*, you stated: "Instant Breakfast . . . speeded the decline of a civilized start of the day." Obviously, you missed the whole point of the advertising and promotion behind this product. It is not promoted as a replacement for breakfast. It is intended, and advertised, for those occasions when people don't have time for a regular breakfast. It makes a nutritional contribution to the well-being of those people who were, prior to the development of the product, sometimes forced to forgo breakfast entirely. Incidentally, "Instant Breakfast" is the trade mark of Carnation Company Limited, used exclusively to identify their liquid-breakfast product. — TED E. LANG, VICE-PRESIDENT AND GENERAL MANAGER, CARNATION COMPANY LTD., TORONTO

We never said the product wasn't nutritious. But we did try to make the point that, if the pressures of modern living are prompting an increasing number of Canadians to, well, drink their breakfasts, it's not exactly good news.

Sorry, Judi

In my article *Charge Of The Haligoni-ans* (January) there was an item about the proprietor of a wig boutique, Judy Campbell. I have since heard from Miss Campbell, who is distressed that I quoted her using the words "hell" and "crap" which, as she quite rightly points out, are words she simply would not use in normal conversation. Miss Campbell also takes me to task over my version of her name: it is not Judy Campbell, but Judi Campbell-Cooper. In fact, I am very distressed that what I wrote should have caused Miss Campbell-Cooper any concern: she is a charming, gracious woman and deserves every success in her new life in Halifax.

ALAN EDMONDS, TORONTO

Playboys

After I decided to regard your article on Derek Sanderson as a piece of excellent satire (*The Dead-End Kid Who Wants To Be A Superstar*), it became much more enjoyable. Perhaps you could do a follow-up on some of the other debonair, suave playboys of the NHL, such as Eddie Shack or Gump Worsley.

D. R. M. PRYDE, ST. CATHARINES, ONT. □



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BY BOB BOSSIN/OUR TOKEN RADICAL

Cops, karate, hate, love, revolution, and all like that

DAVE HENRY is a Weatherman and, on the unlikely chance that you've never heard of the Weathermen, I should explain that most people look on them as the lunatic fringe of the protest movement. Even most people in the protest movement look on them as the lunatic fringe of the protest movement. Dave Henry's day goes something like this: up at 7 a.m. for an early-morning shift at a high school, handing out leaflets; karate class at 10.30 a.m.; a meeting in the afternoon; an action at night, followed by a criticism session; and back to bed at three in the morning. Sometimes the day includes a street battle with police. Among student radicals there are even Weatherman jokes: "In Gotham City, 5,000 helmeted police, carrying Mace, hand grenades, and bazookas, stand guarding a flagpole of symbolic importance . . . This is a job for Weatherman."

So, as I get off the bus, I am prepared to interview King Kong. Instead, I meet a friendly, soft-spoken and, considering he fights cops, a small kid from New York. It is very disconcerting. Can you picture Lenin disclaiming the ultimate overthrow of the ruling class in a Brooklyn accent?

There are about 700 Weathermen in the U.S. The name comes from the Bob Dylan line, "You don't need a weatherman to know which way the wind blows." Dave Henry is one of about 200 who live in communes or "gangs" in various American cities. Last fall, in Chicago, they fought police for four days, injuring 57. In Washington, they tried to serve an eviction notice on the South Vietnam

mese embassy, and were tear-gassed. You win some, you lose some.

I ask Henry what he thinks of John Lennon.

"Well, John Lennon is part of the problem. I mean, some of the longings for peace are progressive, but lying in bed isn't going to bring it about. Anyway, the status quo is not peace. Twelve thousand people will starve to death *today* in the free world because food is produced for profit and people don't have money to buy it. We even pay farmers not to grow crops so the prices will be high. That's not peace. That's violence. Civilians, people, are being destroyed by the status quo every day, and there is only one way to change that. Get rid of a system based on profit and a narrow ruling class. Rockefeller isn't going to give up the wealth he's taking out of Latin America because someone turns him on or sings a nice song about peace."

Where do the Weathermen fit in?

"Until now the white Left has been a comfortable discussion group, a way to feel good and say, 'See, I'm on the side of the people.' But it never added to the struggle *physically* . . . In Vietnam, in the third world, people have to keep alive, while American companies plunder their country for profit. Sure, white people are oppressed, too, but we figure, 'I can slide by.' The ideal of most students, even the ones who call themselves socialists, is passivity. Well, the world isn't ready for that. We think white people have been more comfortable than other people, and we have to learn that we're going to have to fight to change the system."

I am beginning to feel distinctly uncomfortable. Not only am I a white student radical but, when I hold my ideal up to the light in a certain way, it does take on a passive sort of look. All of a sudden, I'm in the status-quo position, and I don't like it one bit.

But then, Weathermen aren't winning all that many converts either and well, anyway, it's just not nice to beat up on police.

"Sure, older people are freaked by what we are doing," Henry continues. "But there's a difference between working-class kids and older people. It's not just us who call the police 'pigs,' it's the youth, the kids stuck in the schools, the ones who get drafted. Their first rebellion was with music and drugs. Remember when the hippies first went around kissing cops and putting flowers in the soldiers' gun barrels? At first the cops didn't know what to do. Then they did. They just beat the kids up and arrested them. Those kids aren't kissing cops any more. It's the cops who kick kids out of the park, harass them, bust up demonstrations, bust them for drugs. Only so far the kids don't think it's possible to fight the Pig and win. In Chicago, we showed that the power structure, the system, and particularly the police aren't invincible. . . ."

By now, I'm trying to follow my own mixed-up feelings about police.

A policeman is your friend.

Policemen stop teenagers at random and search them. Police arrested my friend Sean (wrongly) and in the station they beat him up just a bit: a punch above the hairline where it doesn't show, and a knee in the groin. Sean called the police doctor. He came, and so did the cop who had hit Sean. The doctor could see no evidence. Sean pointed to blood on the policeman's knuckle. The policeman said he'd scraped the knuckle while walking down the corridor. The doctor said no evidence, and left.

Police get cats out of trees, catch bank robbers and protect property.

In 1968 in Toronto, police rode their horses into a crowd of peace demonstrators. There had been no violence, no disorder, just speeches about ending the war. Thirty-four

And a jolly springtime, 1970, to you too

Forty years intensive study of eschatology and related matters have convinced me and many others that we have reached that state of affairs referred to as "The Time of Jacob's Trouble" or "The Last Days." Practically all the indications given by our Lord and supported by various prophecies throughout the Bible and the Apocrypha, heralding His return to this earth, have materialized. Not the least of which is this very violence that all right-minded people find so disturbing.

—F. H. Davies, London, England

arrests. The police weren't wearing their numbers. I remember the *feeling* — shock, chill, anger, surprise — when all of a sudden the horses were on the sidewalk and coming at us, the way it was in the scene of the Workers' Peaceful Demonstration in *Dr. Zhivago*, and me shouting, "The streets belong to the people, the streets belong to the people."

Police are crossing guards, and they give speeding tickets and parking tickets, and defend the state. Once, we marched to the Toronto *Globe and Mail* building to protest distorted coverage of Quebec demonstrations. The police arrested somebody at every corner for not making it out of the intersection before the light turned. Jay-walking, \$22.80, even though the only motor traffic in sight was police cars. And that was in downtown Toronto — among white, middle-class, "educated" English Canadians — not in Quebec, not near an Indian reservation, not in a black Halifax ghetto.

But hell, who are the cops? Some are guys my age, or younger, guys who would like to have longer hair if it weren't against regulations. They don't set the rules, they just obey them. They have to, or they get fired. At the last Vietnam moratorium in Toronto I went up to a cop and, as nicely as I could, I said, "What do you think of the war?" He looked away. "Do you just not think about it, or are you not allowed to talk to us?" He still looked away, and then he glanced at me as if to say, "Help," and then said very quietly, "I think about it." I said, "Peace," and split.

But now, Dave Henry is talking about how the Weathermen are part of a worldwide revolution, and how some of them will go to jail in the effort to open up another front in the revolution, and some may even be killed, "but some day those jails are going to be broken open."

In the meantime, I wonder, is there any space for love, even at the rate of 12,000 starvations a day?

"Sure," he says. "Sure there's a place for love, but love isn't a passive thing, it isn't curling up in a corner. It's acting. If you love people, you've got to want to tear down the system that's oppressing them. If you really love, you've got to hate what's being done to people."

I realize that I like Henry, hate, love, violence, Brooklyn accent and all. I'm just not sure his strategy will work. "What's your alternative?" he says. I shrug. Then he smiles and gives me the first, the more militant version of the V sign that even Nixon uses now. He leaves. He's singing, "Power to the people/Off the Pig." I take the bus back. □

continued on page 31

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BY HARRY BRUCE

On the day the world runs out of air, where will your kids be?

IT IS AS HARD and pure and bright and cold a midwinter morning as Ottawa could ever have experienced. There's a bit of snow falling but it's so clean it could be the world's first, and it's so slight that, down on the true ice at the rink around the corner, they've not even had to bring out the shovels and, though the time is only nine o'clock, some boys have gathered there already, and there's the good old sound again. The dull bang. The puck off the boards. The great old sound. The sun lights up the small snow in the air and turns it into a thin radiant mist and, since this happens to be a Sunday morning, the sulphite stink is not sweeping at us from the paper mills across the dying river (which I cannot see from where we live in Ottawa); and the stark and shapely maple on the lawn, and the grubby red box of apartments across the street, they exist this morning in the sort of air the town must have known every day in the time of, say, D'Arcy McGee's assassination.

We had a terrible and excessive party last night. Ten years ago, when I was only 25, hangovers had already ceased to be something I could bring myself to laugh about. Their ravages could tear down whatever protection good health puts up against spiritual terror and, during a bad hangover, a Presence would sometimes come to sit in my room, and I'd be so afraid of it that I could only lie there for a while, and not move even a finger. I would be wide awake, but the Presence had the same paralyzing effect as the hid-

eous, amphibious creatures — both furry and slimy at once, fawning and inconceivably carnivorous — that have sometimes slipped up on me during sleep. The Presence arrived only when I was in hotel rooms, never at home, and in the last couple of years our children have taken over some corner of my mind, and they've expanded in there so that there's not much room for the Presence any more. Not for a while.

Still, the party has imposed its usual physical punishment (does experience teach nothing at all?), and the only influence that's strong enough to draw me out of bed — to pull the curtains and face the angelic brilliance of this particularly holy morning in Ottawa — is the noise of the two older ones chatting in the street below. The boy, nine. The girl, eight. There they go, way ahead of me . . . away, away down the white city avenue, and then they're gone. Joyous on their new skates. Now I remember. I bought the skates only yesterday. I was supposed to go skating with the children but I didn't, and hearing their voices from a moment ago, I know that that's not their loss, but mine.

I get under the bedclothes again. They get along, those two, better than any other brother and sister I've ever known. They looked bloody good out there in the cold, *beautiful*. They swam together in the St. Lawrence once. Silly, brown, slippery, perfectly playful little animals. The water babies. We couldn't get them out for hours, not even to eat . . . Can it really be true that population growth and industrial activity are destroying the earth's atmosphere so fast that there won't be enough food, or oxygen in the air, to keep us all alive? Some scientists argue that, the way we're going, we'll run out in 20 or 30 years, and that'll be it. For everybody. Some say it may already be too late to stop this thing happening. Can they really know what they're talking about? Do they *mean* it? If they do, why isn't the whole world yelling, and getting together to do something? Can it be that we just aren't able to worry about anything, even the Day of Judgment, when it's 20 or 30 years in the future? Maybe they don't really

mean it. Maybe they just think the air's getting pretty bad, and it would be a good idea to scare people into doing something. All right, so I'm scared. Why did I say "the Day of Judgment," anyway? I haven't been to church since they invented the H-Bomb. I haven't been to Sunday school since Hiroshima. I was about his age, nine or 10.

If The Bomb fell here but it failed to kill us all right away, how would you do it to them? Is that why the good man killed his young children in that Italian movie? We have no firearms. A hammer? A knife? God no. But there's nothing suicidal about me or my wife; why can't we have a family stock of those suicide pills anyway? And why is it that such questions have been just too horrible to ask in the open? Of course. Violence really is the one obscenity of our dwindling time, isn't it? Can we possibly believe that the massacres at My Lai, the little dead boys and the little dead girls, will not ultimately impose their equally terrible answer in our part of the world?

Maybe they won't. Maybe we'll just run out of oxygen first. If that takes 30 years, my wife will be 64, I'll be 65. Retirement age anyway. But the boy will be 39, the girl will be 38, the baby boy will be only 31. They may have children of their own. I wonder if people will just sort of fall down, maybe on their way home from the rink. Probably not. It would take a while . . .

But it doesn't do to lie in bed on a Sunday morning, feeling the way I feel. If I go further asleep, the wet mandibular things, the lizard creatures and their grotesque relations, may come for me, with their ghastly affection. If I lie here awake, I'm sure now that, for the first time, the Presence will enter my own home. I get up fast, go downstairs, pour some coffee, and my wife and I say things that we think are funny about the bad party of the night before. After a while, the two of them come in the kitchen door. They've still got their skates on, their faces are red, a gust of knifing Arctic air tears around the kitchen, we all start laughing and hollering and, sweet dying Jesus, they are beautiful children. □

Is there intelligent life on earth?

Of every 10 deaths, six are caused wholly or partly by starvation. What do we do about it? Double our population every 35 years, bury a million acres of land under concrete each year, and declare birth control to be a sin!

—H. C. Mathison, Prince Rupert, BC



TUNE IN FOR DINI AND BOB



UNIROYAL

TRAFFIC REPORTS

MORNING AND AFTERNOON

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Joe And Mariya In The Promised Land

A true Canadian love story by PAMELA ANDRES



LATER, WHEN I became so involved in their tragic love story, it seemed odd fitting that I had first met old Joe Jarusewicz when he was midway through a letter to Mariya, the devoted wife he hadn't seen in nearly 40 years.

A narrow path through the snow led to Joe's cabin, which is about 12 feet by 10 and 40 years old and built of logs caulked with mud and straw. Inside, fishing nets hung from beams. The work clothes of the northern lake-fisherman hung, steaming dry, over a stove improvised from an old oil drum. There was a bed of unpadded plank on one side, and a wall-high pile of fish boxes on the other.

Joe himself wore a bushy Santa Claus beard then, and his bony shoulders were bent over the crude table where, by the light of an antique coal-oil lamp, he was scratching away with an old nib pen and a bottle of ink, telling Mariya that soon she could fly — yes, fly! — from the Ukraine to their new homeland, Canada.

The first surprise was that Joe even had a wife. When my husband Frank was appointed game warden of the bleak Dore Lake region of northern Saskatchewan in the winter of 1967-68, I discovered we were almost the only white people for miles around. The dozen or so families in our tiny settlement were mostly Métis, and most of the other whites were seven of the old bachelor hermits, middle-European mostly, who seem to have pioneered the opening-up of the Canadian north.

But Joe Jarusewicz, who lived like one of them, had a wife he hadn't seen since 1930. Except for a 10-year span when they lost track of one another, they had written to each other twice a month throughout that time. Joe told me once that Mariya's letters always ended with the plea: "Take me. Take me. I want to have more than one

day with you before I die."

And now, it seemed, the wish was to be granted. When we arrived at Dore Lake, the long process of getting Mariya to Canada had begun.

Joe is proud of his English, but it is still at best confusing and often unintelligible. Slowly, however, I pieced together the story. In 1930 he had borrowed his fare to Canada, leaving Mariya and daughter Petrouchka at home in Kasperiwici, at that time part of the Polish Ukraine. In Canada, he worked on farms and tried to save enough for their fares, but in 1932 the Canadian government ended immigration because in the Depression the nation couldn't support even its existing population. By 1939 he had saved enough at least to return to the Ukraine, and was about to do so when Poland was invaded by the Germans and the Russians.

Under the German-Russian carve-up of Poland, the Russians took the Polish part of the Ukraine and in the world war that followed it was impossible for Joe to return. Besides, Mariya and their daughter were soon shipped off to Siberia. ▶

Joe moved farther and farther north, to a log cabin beside Dore Lake. At last, the Russians would let his wife go—after nearly 40 years he'd see Mariya again

In Canada, Joe moved farther and farther north, and in 1945 he and Mariya lost track of one another because of a mail mix-up. By 1955 he was living in his log cabin beside Dore Lake, next door to old Harry Husak, one of our old bachelors and another Ukrainian, who runs what passes for a local store and a hunters' camp. Harry and Joe always ate with one another.

In 1957 Joe tried, and failed, to get the Russians to release Mariya and Petrouchka. The next year Petrouchka died in Siberia. Our settlement still talks of the day the news reached Joe. He locked himself in his cabin for three days. When he emerged, his hair and beard had begun to go grey.

His most recent attempt to get Mariya out of Russia had begun when a notary public advertised in a Winnipeg Ukrainian newspaper that he could help get relatives of Canadian immigrants out from Communist countries. Joe sent off the required \$50, and by the time I met Joe he had been told that Mariya, by then 71, had retired and the Russians seemed willing to let her leave.

Since Joe could neither read nor write English, my husband Frank helped with the formalities. The final form from the Department of Citizenship and Immigration in Ottawa arrived in the fall of 1968. It warned that Mariya was ill and demanded that Joe prove he could provide for medical attention if necessary. But by then he had already mailed Mariya an airline ticket, so he just grinned and said, "For that money I could have bought me a young wife."

At 5 p.m. on January 15, 1969, a friend of Joe's in Saskatoon, Dave Dion, called our house by radio-telephone and said, "Help! Mariya Jarusewich just arrived. She doesn't speak English and I don't speak Russian."

My husband Frank found Joe just back from a three-mile hike to his fishing nets in the middle of the frozen lake. "Well," he said, "she be in good hands. ▶



Horst Emrich



JOE AND MARIYA *continued*

We get her when you're ready."

Ten minutes later he knocked at our front door, ready to go, not having stopped to trim his beard or change his workclothes, which looked as though they were made from a patchwork quilt: like all the old bachelors, he'll patch worn clothes rather than buy new ones. With him he had a box of frozen fish for his friends, the Dions. "We go now maybe," he said. He even suggested we bring her back from Saskatoon, 220 miles and a four-hour drive away, that same evening "so she won't run away from me." I think I understood his motives. Coming north from Saskatoon, as you pass Prince Albert, the road is unpaved and the bush begins to close in. It is, in winter, much as I imagine Siberia to be.

We reached Saskatoon at 9:30 p.m. At the Dions' Joe spilled the fish all over the driveway. Dave Dion later said Mariya had been just as nervous. "She hid in the kitchen," he said. That's where the first meeting of man and wife in almost 40 years took place — beside a kitchen sink. Five minutes later they emerged, Mariya exclaiming, "St. Nikolai! St. Nikolai!" Joe said she would have recognized him by his voice, but not by his beard.

Mariya was small, slightly bent, swaddled in drab, black, voluminous skirts and coats and a babushka. All you could see of her was a small, wrinkled face and work-gnarled hands. Joe told her who Frank and I were, and she took my face in her hands and kissed me on both cheeks. Then she dug into the pockets of her skirts and produced a handful of Russian walnuts, two or three for each of us. She had come halfway round the world to be with a man she now could barely recognize, and of all her prized possessions had chosen to bring a satchel of Russian walnuts which, admittedly, are tastier than ours, and a delicacy even there. She gave them all away within the next few weeks.

That night we took Joe and Mariya to the honeymoon suite of the King George Hotel, but on seeing the two large beds Joe offered the second to Frank and me. Naturally, we declined. Then they pulled off their boots and, dressed, lay down. Next day, when we collected them to drive home, Joe complained, "I didn't get to sleep all night. She talked all the time."

Back at Dore Lake, I expected Mariya to throw up her hands in dismay at Joe's

cabin, but she accepted it almost as a matter of course. Perhaps in all their talking on the long drive home Joe had prepared her for it, though somehow I doubt it: he'd been a bachelor too long to be what one could fairly call a thoughtful husband. But Mariya accepted the log cabin, the bed of boards and Joe's apparent insistence that they still eat with Harry Husak. She did, however, promptly clean the cabin, stack the fish boxes neatly and stow the fishing gear tidily away.

Once or twice a week Joe and Mariya would walk the 200 yards to our house to spend an evening drinking tea or coffee. There are few white women in the area, and I felt she enjoyed visiting me, however big the age gap and language difficulty. With Joe interpreting, I learned her story, a snippet at a time.

It seems Mariya spent a lifetime waiting for Joe. At school in Kasperiwici, part of the region called Galicia, Mariya was always a class ahead of Joe. In 1915, when they were courting, Joe was conscripted into the Austro-Hungarian army, but even when the war ended and Galicia became part of Poland, Joe was detained for two years in Italy as a prisoner of war. On May 22, 1921, a year after his return, Mariya and Joe were married.

It was not a large wedding, for they were poor, but on her head Mariya wore the traditional *byrvynok* wreath of green leaves entwined with tiny flowers made of shiny gold paper. Then they settled down to farm their three and a half acres of land, Mariya working with Joe in the fields until, two years later, Petrouchka was born.

Politically, Europe was in turmoil. In the village life was hard, and by the late 1920s the great flood of Ukrainians to Canada had begun. When Joe left, his hopes high, Mariya expected she and Petrouchka would soon follow, but they were lean years for Canada, too, and in 1932 immigration ended temporarily.

And then the Germans invaded Poland from one direction and the Russians from the other. Mariya and Petrouchka fled to the nearby hills to escape the battles in which most of the village was burned.

They returned to the village in 1941 to find it in Russian hands, their home and land now the property of the state. Petrouchka married a village boy who

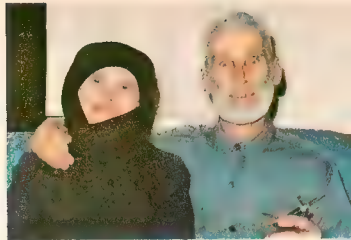
had been a Polish soldier, but soon he fled to the hills with other young men to escape conscription into the Russian army, now fighting Germany.

Mariya said that allegiances were divided, some villagers being Communist, some pro-Poland, some pro-Nazi — she said that the Germans did not confiscate land, but only levied taxes. She said that families turned against one another, and in some cases fathers could not trust their own sons. Mariya told me through Joe that some people seeking solace in the confessional box were afterward hauled away as enemies of the state. Eventually, the perfidy of the "priest" was discovered, and he left.

One day early in our brief northern summer Mariya and Joe and I stood on the shore of our lake and Mariya told me how, when they found that Petrouchka's husband had escaped conscription, the Russians came and demanded to know his whereabouts. Petrouchka, mercifully, was away. Mariya said she didn't know where her son-in-law was. She told me as much with gestures as with words for Joe to translate that they had beaten her on the head, the back of the neck and the throat, all the while holding her by the hair. Then they kicked her under the breasts and on the back. She pushed the babushka she always wore back from her forehead and revealed an ugly scar where a handful of hair had been pulled from its roots. Her permanent stoop was, she said, a legacy of that beating.

Mariya and Petrouchka were sent to Siberia in the winter of 1941. She said it was because they refused to reveal the whereabouts of Petrouchka's husband. The journey, in cattle cars, took 17 days. At a coal mine high in the Ural mountains Mariya was put to work scrubbing the miners' washrooms. Petrouchka was sent underground to walk ahead of the miners, carrying a lamp. If the flame flickered and died it meant the gas level was unsafe. She did this for nine years before becoming too ill with a liver disease to work. She never saw her husband again. Mariya said they heard that he had died — either been shot, or shot himself — near Kasperiwici.

At first, Mariya and Joe still wrote. But in 1945, Joe moved; Mariya's letters were not forwarded and in despair he stopped writing. Soon after they found one another again in 1955, Petrouchka died.



'At night, Joe and Mariya would sit side by side, and Joe would read to her from a fat book in Russian. Mariya, it seemed, was content'

I realize now that I never fully knew Mariya's story — just parts of it. I know that she stayed in Siberia for two years after she retired at 65, then returned to Kasperiwici to live with her sister. She was sick, and she said that was why the authorities let her leave for Canada.

When she flew to Saskatoon, via Montreal, that January day there was no one expecting her, no one to meet her. And no one at the airport spoke Ukrainian. For three hours she had sat alone, her small wicker suitcase at her feet, her satchel of walnuts on her lap, like a piece of lost luggage waiting to be claimed. It was not until she grew hysterical that the airline staff set about finding Joe's friends, the Dion family.

Our spring, summer and fall are brief. Late May is spring and it grows bleak again by mid-September. Mariya, isolated by language and custom barriers, seemed to enjoy it anyway. She didn't seem to resent being obliged to eat at Harry Husak's each day, though one evening she came to my house and cooked a Ukrainian dish and seemed to enjoy herself in the kitchen. But Harry said, "She's not much of a cook," which may be explained by the fact that Harry's idea of cooking is to boil anything and everything. Joe never complained.

Mariya spent much of her time just sitting, the way old people often do. In June, she began helping Joe cultivate the half-acre garden he shares with Harry, planting potatoes and carrots mostly, and some onions. They would work together, Mariya hoeing and Joe taking frequent pauses to play foreman. Mariya loved little children, and would play happily for hours with my daughters Melanie, two, and Caroline, four.

Our summer is hot, often 70 or 80 degrees, but Mariya would always wear the same heavy, voluminous clothes. She made Joe shave off his beard, and one night he proudly announced that he'd cut Mariya's hair. It was not a bad job — Joe is also the local barber at a quarter a time — but when Mariya showed me her now-short hair I somehow knew that she felt naked.

Mariya came to the tea party given by the girls at the one-room school and sat smiling happily through the recitations and performances of the children, understanding not one word. At the school's annual sports day she sat in our truck, watching the men in the three-legged race

and the sack race and the baseball game, smiling, understanding little.

Joe wasn't always a patient husband. Often Mariya would sit for hours and Joe would not translate for her. Once, when she wearied of a long conversation she could not understand and asked to go, he waved impatiently and said, "What for you want to go? There's nowhere to go."

They could have returned to his cabin, which was by now as neat and clean as any suburban home. At night, we would see them sitting side by side, Joe reading aloud to her from a fat book in Russian, the Soviet version of the history of World War II. He read to her a great deal — always the Ukrainian newspapers from Winnipeg, since he cannot read English and her eyes were weak. They found on his transistor set a station that broadcasts a church service in Ukrainian each Sunday, and they would sit with their Bibles, worshipping privately.

Mariya, it seemed, was content just to be with her husband. Once an Indian, Tom LaLiberté, drove her to Green Lake, a settlement about an hour away, where another Ukrainian woman lives. She seemed to enjoy the visit, but never sought to repeat it. She collected petals from wild roses and made rose-petal tea, and as the summer wore on Joe's cabin walls were covered with little bundles of herbs she had picked and was drying in the sun so they could be used to make hot drinks in winter.

One of the first things she showed me was a blouse made from crude flour bags but which she and Petrouchka had exquisitely embroidered. In June an itinerant salesman called at the cabin. He, too, was Ukrainian and Mariya was interested in a pair of black patent-leather shoes, but Joe was out and she refused to take his money to buy them. Then she dug into her satchel and brought out a beautiful pair of handstitched shoes of the finest leather, the thick soles studded with wooden pegs. I wondered why she seemed to prefer to wear Joe's old slippers. The salesman, translating, explained, "They are death shoes." She says she is saving them to be buried in. They were a present from her daughter.

She never did get those black patent-leather shoes. Instead, Joe took her into Prince Albert on a shopping expedition and when we collected them off the bus in Big River, 72 miles from Dore Lake,

Mariya was wearing turquoise slacks and black-velvet carpet slippers. "She's pretty expensive," said Joe. "I bought two pair slacks — one pair cost \$12."

While in Prince Albert, Mariya had seen a doctor, and this led to her going into the small hospital in Big River for a checkup. She was discharged Friday, September 5, and went to the home of friends to await Joe. They told us she sat by the window all day, waiting. Finally, one of the milk farmers drove down from Dore Lake to collect her.

I remember that next Sunday evening, two days later, looking through Joe's cabin window as they bent over their Bibles, listening to the radio church service. The following evening, after dinner of boiled fish at Harry Husak's, Mariya washed the dishes and, laughing at a joke no one can remember now, she and Joe went home to their cabin.

Next morning Joe came up to the house, crying. At 3 a.m., he said, Mariya had been taken ill. He had got a Métis friend to drive them to the hospital in Big River. She had died there.

"Before we be go to the hospital, she make me pack her good clothes," he said. "There be the black babushka with the long tassels, the silk stockings, that blouse she be making with Petrouchka and them shoes of hers."

Seven months and 13 days after Mariya had come to join Joe in the promised land, we buried her at Big River. All the Ukrainians from miles around came to the funeral, except Harry Husak who was too busy in Dore Lake.

It was Christmas before I talked much more with Joe. I went to see him in his cabin, which is still neat and tidy. He has again grown the beard Mariya once made him shave off, and he still eats with Harry Husak next door. "Mariya, she was happy here, you know," he said. "They take hell from her back in the old country, but she like this place." He paused, then added, "I was just learning to live with a wife, and now I be learning to live alone again."

He was sitting at that crude wooden table with the same coal-oil lamp flickering. He had been reading an old Ukrainian newspaper — and, I think, an old letter from Petrouchka, his daughter. Under the table Mariya's beautiful handstitched "death shoes" stood neatly side by side. When we buried her we found the shoes didn't fit. □

How Women In Power Keep Other Women Powerless

An opinionated report
by MARGARET DALY

Illustrations by Louis deNiverville



WOMEN — PRODUCTS of the liberated age we live in — are oozing out of the home and all over the place, as a glance through the mass media will quickly confirm. In the newspaper, a speech by a director of the Ontario Housing Corporation, a woman; in the magazine supplement, a feature on the five regional Consumer Consultants appointed by the government, all women; on TV, experts on auto pollution quizzed knowledgeably by the resident interviewer of a public-affairs

show, a woman. "This woman is a Supreme Court judge," headlined a recent cover on *The Canadian (Star Weekly) Magazine*, announcing a story on "How she and three other women won in a man's world." Just 11 of many hundreds of real live examples of Women's Liberation, and all of them are paving the highway to equality for every woman in Canada, right?

Wrong. Wrong in my opinion anyway. Such women do nothing at all for the

cause of Women's Liberation. They are as surely enemies of the Women's Liberation Movement as the Ontario Supreme Court judge who ruled in 1968 that paying a woman less than a man for equal work was in keeping with "all the rules of civilization, economics, family life and common sense," or the Creditist MP who argued against abortion reform because pregnant women go a little funny in the head and don't know what's best for themselves.

Mention the Women's Liberation Movement and most people either blench or snicker. More oddly, so do the very women — middle-class, working, combining home and career, successful despite sex — who might be expected to be in its forefront. Why?

Because, one can only assume, these women are the living proof that there's no need for a Movement: women making it on their own, "winning in a man's world," as *The Canadian Magazine* put it. But are they? Sexism (that's prejudice about sex, cf. race and racism) is usually as much a part of these success stories as it is of the women who never considered being anything but housewives.

Enemies are something the Women's Liberation Movement doesn't need any more of. Respectable though freedom for women may have become, the idea of a mass movement to achieve it — like the labor movement, civil-rights movement, or mass movement of the poor which is beginning to show stirrings of life — that's something else. And although I happen to have a very deep respect for the women who do succeed in today's world — and all the examples cited in this article are admirable people — I cannot help seeing them as enemies of what I take to be one of the most important movements of our day: the trend toward real equality of the sexes. The women who *have* made it, in other words, are, however unconsciously, part of the system that today's trend is trying to change. To that extent, and by failing to add their voices to the voice of Women's Liberation, they help to exploit all other women.

Women's Liberationists, for example, take group action to protest woman's image as a mindless Barbie doll, by picketing the Miss America contest and burning brassieres. Surely this is as valid a protest as picketing the Pentagon and burning draft cards to protest war. Yet the media treat it as a "brightener," an oddball humorous event, a joke. When a Movement woman is on TV, the interviewer rarely sticks to the point but tries to get her to say something shocking (such as that with the advent of test-tube babies there will be no need for women to be child-bearers, or for men to fertilize them for that matter — again, surely a valid conjecture about the future);

then he reacts with a comically startled expression so the audience can all boo or have a good laugh.

The women who "make it on their own" and "win in a man's world" usually fall into one of five categories:

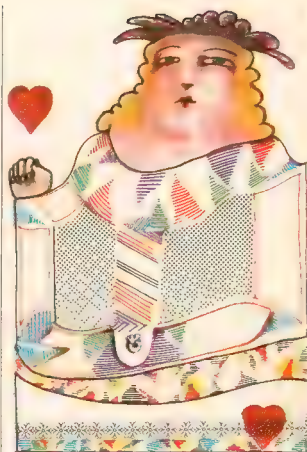
SUPERWOMEN: They get there by being not just as good as anyone else in the field, but better. Sylvia Ostry (who was one of the big four in that *Canadian Magazine* story) is a Superwoman. She has a Cambridge PhD in economics, 11 major academic awards, and a list of articles, books and major pieces of research covering three typewritten pages. She's deputy chairman of the Economic Council of Canada, one of the highest-ranking women in the civil service (assistant deputy minister status) and highest-paid (around \$25,000). A council spokesman on her appointment said her credentials were the best they'd ever seen: "There was no way anyone could keep her out of that job."

But even after beating the obstacle course, sexism is a fact of the Superwoman's everyday life. Mrs. Ostry puts up with various little indignities because of her sex. There are the vulgar personal assessments, for example, although nobody would dream of characterizing one of her male colleagues by his "trim figure, light-brown hair and hazel eyes" (or "pot belly, bald head and red-rimmed eyes"). There are the nosy personal questions, although nobody asks successful men if they neglect their children because they're so busy. And there is the practice of having her pronouncements on the economy relegated to the women's pages of newspapers and treated with less importance than her supermarket trips and cocktail parties.

TOKEN WOMEN: These are appointed so their employers can say there's a woman on the job.

The Ontario Housing Corporation, mentioned earlier, needs a Token Woman on the board because much of its involvement is with deserted welfare wives. (She is Mrs. Frances McHale, long active in London, Ont., welfare work.)

Mme Pauline Vanier is a Token Woman on the board of directors of the Bank of Montreal and of Bell Canada. In fact, Mme Vanier is the perfect Token Woman. As widow of a governor-general, she is associated with the representative of the ultimate figurehead woman with no real power, the Queen. She has no experience or interests that could be expected to make her effective in forming B. of M. or Bell policy; yet she can be used to dispel the concern female shareholders might have about getting a capable woman on the board.



Who wants to look like the sort of bitch who would publicly put down the beloved widow of a beloved governor-general?

Dr. Helen Hogg, the brilliant University of Toronto astronomer, is Bell's other Token Woman director. And the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce has followed the Bank of Montreal's lead by appointing Dr. Marguerite Hill, physician-in-chief at Women's College Hospital in Toronto, to its board. ("For years the bank has been interested in getting a woman's viewpoint on the board," said a spokesman.) Both have the advantage of being distinguished in their respective fields without, again, possessing background in areas that could make them at all formidable on these boards. As is the case with many Token Women (notably black women on U.S. poverty committees and the like), Dr. Hogg serves as a double token; for any complaints that businessmen dominate the board of a public-service corporation, she can be Bell's gesture to academia and the pure sciences.

By the way, Mme Vanier and Dr. Hogg did not fill existing slots on the Bell board, replacing men and taking seats that might have gone to other men. Rather, the board voted to increase itself by two members to accommodate these two Token Women.

Token Women need not be ineffective. Judy LaMarsh overcame unfair personal criticism (if all the ill-cut suits and clocked socks in the Commons had got as much attention as Judy's miniskirts and fishnets, little business would have been done) to be a highly effective Health Minister and Secretary of State, while serving as Lester Pearson's obvious Token Woman in the cabinet. (In fact,

'By appearing to forward Women's Liberation, while in reality entrenching sexism, "successful women" actually serve as enemies of the cause'

when MP Pauline Jewett asked about her own future, Pearson told her, "But we already have a woman in the cabinet.")

But however effective, Token Women do have their place (just as the token blacks on TV don't mess around with white girls). Barbara Frum, Token Woman on CBC's *Weekday* (Toronto) and *Weekend* (national) can hold her own with any TV interviewer in the business (and she does get to do interviews about auto-exhaust pollution). But once when she was lunching with *Weekday*'s three (male) producers, the subject of a back-up man for her co-host Warren Davis came up. "Can't you see it?" said one. "If Warren got sick tomorrow, there we'd be with Barbara reading the news!" At which all three collapsed in mirth.



WOMEN'S WOMEN: These are women whose jobs exist because society, having relegated their sex to an artificial role, now needs people to interpret women's special needs to the ordinary people (men) who must deal with these mystical beings. Fern Alexander, the only Toronto policewoman with the rank of inspector, got the promotion as head of the police department's Women's Bureau. (It was later melded with the Youth Bureau, policewomen being deemed especially suited for youth work because of their mother instincts, pre-

sumably.) Sylva Gelber, highest-ranking female in the federal Department of Labor, and Lita-Rose Betcherman, highest-ranking female in its Ontario counterpart, both head their respective departments' Women's Bureaus. Florence Bird (Anne Francis during her radio career) is the first woman to head a royal commission: it was of course on the Status of Women.

Women's Women are also charged with interpreting women's special needs to women themselves; witness the people who work on "women's magazines" and the "women's pages" of newspapers. Dodi Robb, a top-ranking female executive at the CBC, is supervisor of daytime programming, which is the CBC's new euphemism for women's programming. Kay Hodgins, Nancy Downing, Sally Merchant, Lois Smith and Carla Archibald, who are the five Consumer Consultants to the government, are Women's Women. Merchandising, advertising and the expanding field of consumer relations are productive areas for Women's Women, because so much of the reason for sexism has to do with keeping women buying things: beauty products for their role as sex objects, gadgets and innumerable housecleaning supplies for their role as homemaker, and so on.

OFFICE WIVES: Some women attain a measure of responsibility and a decent salary by working for executives with five times the responsibility and salary.

Mary Macdonald, at that time the only woman on Parliament Hill with the salary and title of Executive Assistant (though her work was more secretarial in nature than that of male executive assistants), was Lester Pearson's Office Wife from his days back in External Affairs. (She was expected to be put in the Senate as a goodwill gesture by Pearson on his retirement, and she may end up there yet.)

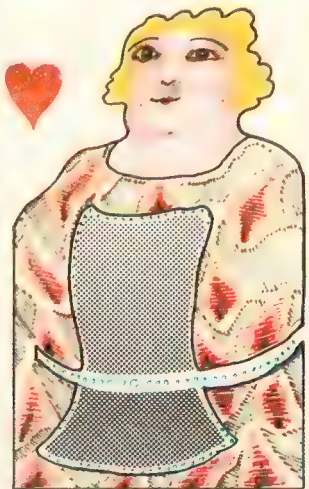
The Office Wife is sometimes a backstairs route to a real executive job, usually that of secretary of a corporation. Dorothy Cauley, secretary of Dominion Foundries and Steel, is an example. She started as secretary to the sales manager, and started doing his job during World War II when he went to Ottawa as a dollar-a-year man.

Ailsa Currie, another of *The Canadian Magazine* heroines, was once secretary to a Toronto Stock Exchange vice-president and is now Secretary of its Board of Governors, the highest stock-exchange job held by a woman in Canada. (Its du-

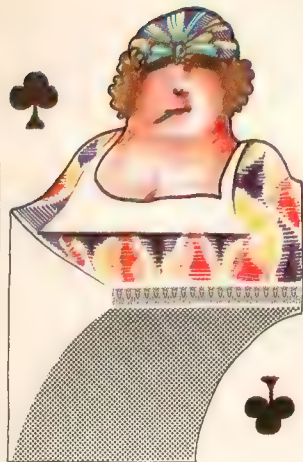
ties include recording and transcribing the minutes of board meetings.)

The Office Wife's job may involve more decision-making than typing, but its basic function is to be supportive to a man — the function he sees his wife as performing at home. The Office Wife is often chosen for such skills as brewing coffee just the way her boss likes it, doing his Christmas shopping and keeping his personal life running smoothly, as well as for the gracious impression she makes on visitors as his "hostess."

As the secretary to a Toronto newspaper executive told me (unwittingly echoing many a bride), "The important thing is that you click with the man." This secretary saw herself as a rebellious career girl who appalled her mother by going to college and remaining single. But her old-fashioned upbringing wasn't really lost on her: "I'm happiest working behind the scenes for a man, seeing him do something well, and knowing I played a part in his success." She had rebelled against marriage but not against the traditional wife's role.



CARETAKER WOMEN: They inherit important jobs from fathers (with no sons) or husbands. Of our last four women MPs, only Judy LaMarsh was *not* elected to the seat formerly held by a husband, now dead. (The other three: Grace Mac-



Innis, NDP, from Vancouver, PC Jean Casselman Wadds of northeastern Ontario, and Liberal Margaret Rideout of Moncton — all capable, hard workers.) Once a Caretaker Woman does take over, she may develop real ability at the job — as did these three MPs. and as did Dorothy Schiff, publisher of the New York Post, and Katharine Graham, president of The Washington Post Company, which publishes the Washington Post and Newsweek.

So, by appearing to forward Women's Liberation, while in reality entrenching sexism, these women actually serve as enemies of the cause. They are, of course, the "exceptions." The majority of middle-class working women are in specifically "female" jobs in the first place, such as elementary schoolteaching, nursing and office work. They tend to blame inequalities on the field of work they're in, rather than on the fact that they're women working: everyone knows elementary teachers get paid less than university teachers, everyone knows nurses and office workers make poor salaries.

But this means they're ignoring the fact that women get these jobs in the first place because no man would put up with the pay and conditions. And, conversely, the reason the pay and conditions don't improve is that women can be counted on to fill the jobs. When conditions in a "man's" field deteriorate, men abandon it to women. (Until the early 1950s, most bank tellers were men; salaries for bank tellers have not substantially improved, so now most bank tellers are women.) When the conditions of a "woman's" job improve, men take it over. (The paper explosion has made library science suddenly prestigious and higher-paying: you can guess which

sex the best-paid librarians are now.)

Whole books have chronicled the discriminations against most working women (notably *Born Female*, by Caroline Bird). But even the conviction that successful working women are making it without regard to sex is a fallacy. Far from being examples of Women's Liberation, they are all very much part of the sexist status quo. Which brings up a supplementary, nasty reason why many successful women may be disinclined toward the Women's Liberation Movement: their jobs depend on its failure.

Women in such "female" jobs as nursing have been trained to have so little faith in their abilities (many probably started out wanting to be doctors, and were talked out of that foolishness) that they fear achieving good working conditions if this would mean competing with men. As for Token Women, the need for them will vanish when women are seen simply as people. So will the need for Women's Women, and the consumer-adviser type jobs will go to both sexes since family shopping will not be bound up with the sex role. (A lot less superfluous consuming likely will be done anyway; no longer deprived of real decision-making opportunities, women won't have to create phony ones by making a big deal out of deciding which of myriad identical products to buy.) When the housewife vanishes as a creature who exists to serve hubby, her counterpart Office Wife will vanish, too.

There are many other reasons for the would-be liberated woman's avoidance of the Movement, but they can be dismissed quickly.

1. The fringe benefits. It's fun to be exceptional, and the working woman with any measure of success is exceptional as things stand now. Housewives envy her; male colleagues, once they discover she can do the job, admire her. It's good for the ego. But it lasts only so long as she is perfect; the minute she admits to sending out for Chinese food instead of cooking a roast after working late, the admiration and envy turn to I-told-you-so smugness — even though stay-at-home wives buy just as much Chinese food because looking after the kids all day is so exhausting. Balance the ego-building moments against the ego-shatters, and the fringe benefits aren't so beneficial after all.

2. The so-called New Woman may shun the Movement because, having achieved something beyond the stereotyped wife role, she probably finds groups of females an anathema. She

boasts of having little in common with other women — the I've-made-it-out-of-the-ghetto mentality — and at parties converses with the "more stimulating" men. Women's groups mean hen parties, which symbolize the mindless stereotype she is proud not to be.

3. The woman who combines home, family and career is under constant pressure to prove everything is working out beautifully. Because if it isn't, that's proof not that the system is at fault, but that she is somehow failing as a woman. No man would be told his masculinity was in doubt if he got mad because he didn't get a raise. But working women put up with this nonsense all the time. And so they dare not express official discontent by joining the Movement.

The contradictions in 2. and 3. are easily seen, I hope. Both reasons are products of the very sexist thinking that ought to be abolished. It's not so easy to overcome built-in emotional attitudes, such as distrust of women's groups, but the would-be liberated woman should be used by now to emotional conflicts over what she knows in her head is right.

It seems to me the we're-making-it-our-own syndrome is the most dangerous fallacy. Before the civil-rights movement, many blacks tried to beat the system by making it as outstanding individuals — the UN's Ralph Bunche for example. But when the next black generation took a look at what they had achieved, they saw a very few outstanding men who had beaten nothing because no matter how well they had done they would never be free of racism while they operated in a white-man's world. Similarly, would-be liberated women must face the fact that, successful as they are, they're exceptions in a man's world and can never escape sexism. If they're in "female" jobs, if they're Token Women or Women's Women or Office Wives, they're continuous victims of sexism every day. Even if they are Superwomen like Sylvia Ostry (a Ralph Bunche of Canadian women) they can't shake it: it's there in all those "hazel-eyed mother of two" stories, all those snoop questions about her family life.

Sexism is the most pervasive attitude in society today. It predates such attitudes as racism, nationalism and capitalism by at least 2,000 years. No individual can escape its effects. Only when women stand together in a mass movement, and work for real liberation for all women, not a phony illusion of liberation for themselves as individuals, will this attitude ever be altered. □

Water: The Sellout That Could Spell The End Of Canada

BY WALTER STEWART

ONE MONDAY EVENING in 1979, Mrs. Jessica Johnson, suburban Winnipeg housewife, steps up to her sinkful of dirty dishes, sighs and turns on the water. The tap gives a tentative gurgle, one liquid drop appears, hangs, quivers and falls to the soiled dishes below. Then nothing. "Damn it to hell," says Mrs. Jessica Johnson, suburban Winnipeg housewife, "the bloody water is shut off again." At the heart of Canada, the richest nation in the world in water resources, there is no way for her to do her dishes; but that same day nine billion gallons of Canadian water cross the U.S. border to serve the farms, factories and cities of the American southwest.

On January 13, 1981, the directors of a manufacturing company meet in Regina to discuss the proposed opening of a new plant on the prairies. It is decided to drop the project, because there might not be enough water available to run the plant. The diversion tunnels carrying Canadian water to the U.S. are too far away for ready access; besides, the water is already spoken for — in the U.S.

On September 6, 1983, the President meets with a small group of advisers in the White House to discuss an urgent matter. The coming elections in British Columbia look likely to return a socialist government, which might be hostile to the U.S., might even want to interfere with the massive water-diversion systems on which the western states have come

to depend. What should the President do? Opinion is divided. Some advisers feel that any attempt to influence the election will backfire, others that a little discreet lobbying might turn the trick. One aide, quickly shouted down, suggests, "If necessary, we should take the damn army in there, and show the damn Canadians what's what." No decision is reached, but the President closes the meeting on an ominous note. "Anybody who thinks this country will stand idly by while our water is cut off," he says, "has another think coming."

Fantasy?

Certainly.

Preposterous!

Perhaps.

It could never happen!

Oh, no?

Already, water shortages have turned off taps in Metro Toronto (in July 1969); already, the problem of adequate supplies for industry on the prairies is causing concern; already, Canada is drifting toward the export of water to the U.S., with everything that implies for the interlinking of the two countries — and everything that implies is a very great deal indeed.

This is not because there is a government policy to sell our resources to the Americans, but because there is no policy at all on that subject, and no haste to develop one. The federal government has been aware of the issue for more than

five years; it was on September 2, 1964, in the House of Commons, that Arthur Laing (then Northern Affairs Minister, now Public Works Minister) described water export as "probably the greatest issue that will confront Canadians in the next several decades."

Apparently the government hasn't felt confronted, though; when I recently asked the Minister of Energy, Mines and Resources, J. J. Greene, whether Canada should or would sell water to the U.S., he replied, "This precise issue hasn't come up . . . There is no policy . . . I haven't the information on which to base a decision."

If the precise issue hasn't come up, it should; if there is no policy, it should be developed; if information is lacking, it should be sought, for in the five years since Laing made his statement the question of water export has moved from the world of dreams to that of practical politics: there is a good chance it will be settled while our government is still telling us there is nothing to discuss.

Everything I have said so far will be denied in Ottawa and Washington, where the official view is that the U.S. has never, formally, asked to buy Canadian water, and we have never, formally, offered to sell it; so why worry? That official view needs to be put into perspective, and to do that I have to do something I don't like to do — break an off-the-record confidence.



'Once we start exporting water, can we stop? Would the

Go back to 1964. At that time, an American engineering firm proposed a \$100-billion plan (which I'll describe later) to draw off Canadian water for U.S. use. The plan was called NAWAPA — the North American Water And Power Alliance — and it provoked heated discussion in Canada. Northern Affairs Minister Laing set forth the government view in a tough, pull-no-punches speech at Edmonton on October 24, 1964, in which he declared: "We deny categorically that there is anything like a continental resource in respect of water." The subject seemed closed.

Not long after, I went to call on a cabinet member vitally concerned with water, and he reaffirmed the government stand. However, after I had put away my notebook and was about to leave his office, he said, "You should know, for your own information, that something like NAWAPA is not merely feasible, it's inevitable." When I asked why, then, we seemed to be repudiating it, he bobbed his head sagely and said, "We are establishing a bargaining position, and the best bargaining position is to say 'No.'"

The cabinet minister who made that statement was Arthur Laing.

Are we still establishing a bargaining position? I don't know. J. J. Greene says not, and top officials in his department say that if Canada ever sells water to the U.S. it will be only after we are sure our own needs have been met for the foreseeable future. Just the same, there is no policy either for or against water export, and there are a number of signs that, yes, if the Americans want our water, they can have it:

□ In 1964, the Western Water Development Subcommittee of the U.S. Senate came out flatly for the purchase of Canadian water. Senator Frank Moss of Utah, who chaired that committee, told me recently, "I am impressed by activity on your side of the border," and, "It is my opinion the prospects are much improved."

□ A vast array of plans, projects, schemes, concepts and proposals aimed at moving our water to the U.S. has blossomed on both sides of the border. None of these has received government approval, but one of them, the Central North American Water Project, is the brainchild of E. Roy Tinney, Acting Director of the Policy and Planning Branch of our Department of Energy. Tinney's proposal was made before he joined the department.

□ Water importation has been taken under study by two key U.S. policy groups,

the National Water Commission in Washington and the Western States Water Council in Salt Lake City, Utah.

□ While there have been no government-to-government talks on water, exchanges at the unofficial level are frequent. For instance, Lewis G. Smith, a Denver engineer with an imaginative proposal for tapping northern water, flew to the Yukon at the request of Commissioner James Smith to explain his concept to the Territorial Council, and Jay Bingham, Executive Director of the Western States Water Council, flew to Ottawa to confer with our experts.

□ Last December, Energy Minister Greene met with U.S. Secretary of the Interior Walter Hickel to explore a "continental approach" to energy resources, an approach Greene told reporters he found "most attractive." Let's be clear: a continental approach to resources does not mean Canada and the U.S. sharing North America's bounty; it means our selling the U.S. our oil, gas, hydro and, eventually, water. Greene said water had not been included in the discussion, although hydro-electric power had, but it doesn't take much imagination to see that part of any energy-resource sales packages will be our most precious resource — water.

There is nothing wrong with any of these exchanges, but before they harden into decisions, Canadians should be drawn into the debate: we must know what we are likely to be asked for and why, and what the long-term results may be.

The western and southwestern U.S. face a critical water shortage. A generally dry climate and a rate of population growth greater than the national average are pressing on inadequate reserves. Already, Arizona uses three million acre-feet of water more every year than it receives in rain, snow and river-flow (an acre-foot is the amount of water that will cover one acre to a depth of 12 inches; roughly, 326,000 gallons). The deficiency is met by "mining" underground supplies from a water table that is sinking at a rate of 20 feet per year. In Utah, according to Jay Bingham, of the Western States Water Council, "the lack of water has slowed our development to the point where we have had to resort to cannibalization. When the Geneva Steel plant went in at Provo, we got water for it by taking 1,500 acres of irrigated farmland out of production." The Colorado River, chief source of supply for the southwest, is so heavily used that virtually none of it ever reaches the Gulf of California.

If today's situation is bad, tomorrow's prospects are worse. The 17 western states, whose population now stands at 43 million, are expected to contain 108-million people by the year 2000. There will not be enough water to service them. The Western Water Development Subcommittee reported: "This water crisis is a problem of serious and far-reaching implications. It will grow steadily worse until it reaches alarming proportions in the years 1980 and 2000."

There are a number of ways in which the U.S. could meet western water problems. Current supplies could be cleaned up, redistributed and reused; these steps might not provide a permanent solution, but at least they would buy time. Desalting ocean water is another technique that might be tried; is so weather modification — seeding clouds to produce rain. But weather modification has not yet proved to be practical; desalinization is enormously expensive and has never been undertaken on anything like the scale that would be required. How much simpler, how much more natural, to look north, where water abounds, north where the stuff flows by the trillions of gallons, untasted and untouched, into the sea. North to Canada.

We have more water per capita than any nation in the world. Our freshwater supply has been estimated at anywhere from 20 to 50 percent of all the fresh water on the planet, and much of this huge volume spills unused into the oceans off our north and northwest coasts. Why not turn this northward flow back south and put it to work for the Americans, thus earning their undying gratitude, to say nothing of a fast buck?

Many schemes have been formulated to this end. The first and most famous was NAWAPA, unrolled to a deafening beat of public-relations' drums in 1964. NAWAPA is a proposal to block off parts of north-flowing Canadian and Alaskan rivers and to pump the water 1,000 feet up through huge pipelines to the Rocky Mountain trench, a 500-mile-long natural gorge containing the Columbia, Fraser and Kootenay Rivers. From here, the water would spill eastward across the Canadian prairies to the Great Lakes, southward across the American drylands to Mexico. Hydro generated along the system would provide the push to lift the water where it was needed, and a handsome surplus to sell at a profit.

The scheme had the blessing of the U.S. Senate subcommittee, but its size, com-

U.S. just say, "Do what you like"? Not bloody likely

plexity and the hard sell that surrounded its launching caused Canadian politicians to shy away. Although it called for the use of less than one fifth of the north-flowing streams, the principal fact that struck Canadians about NAWAPA was that it turned our water into an American resource. Government reaction, as I have already indicated, combined public disapproval and private interest, but the plan has progressed no further than the drawing board.

Alex Davidson, Assistant Deputy Minister of the Water Branch in the Department of Energy, does not expect NAWAPA to be built, but he does expect that water export will take place, beginning with small diversions and working up to larger ones. For one of the effects of the U.S. proposal was to spawn a series of alternative plans, sons of NAWAPA. One of the least serious of these was a flat offer from Governor Ronald Reagan of California to trade us a university for some water: one of the most serious was that put forward by Lewis Smith of Denver, a water engineer with experience in the U.S., Pakistan, Ghana and Korea. Smith's plan would tap the Mackenzie River basin by turning the Liard River and sending it south; it would provide 40-million acre-feet of water, largely through existing channels.

But whether this scheme or some other is settled on, the point for Canadians is that our experts expect, one day, to see one of these plans come to life. What will happen when it does?

For one thing, Canada will make a great deal of money. No price has ever been put on water, because it has never been sold, but it is bound to be high. There will also be billions of dollars in construction costs and power sales, and whatever benefits we are able to wring out of water moving across our territory to the U.S.

A second result of any major water export will be to open areas in both Canada and the U.S. to new development. This development will be more important in the U.S. than in Canada, obviously, but the benefits to be gained from leading water across the prairies or flushing out the polluted Great Lakes should not be underestimated.

A third result, and the one that should cause Canadians concern, will be to link our resources irrevocably to American needs. Export is a tap that, once turned on, could never be shut off again.

Without ever using the phrase "dog-in-the-manger," Senator Frank Moss of Utah hints that for Canada to hoard un-

developed supplies the U.S. needs is somehow unfair. "Frankly," he says, "there is a moral issue involved. Projecting ourselves ahead at the rate of population growth we are going to see, you would have actual privation in some areas, while in others [i.e., Canada] water is literally going to waste. And that begins to border on the moral factor."

Frankly, I can't see that morality has anything to do with it. If Americans were dying of thirst, we would have no choice: but our water will not slake American throats, it will drive American factories. What is at stake is the speed and direction of U.S. development, and it is not moral to put that development ahead of our own; it is just plain stupid. "The strongest argument opponents [of diversion] have," says Alex Davidson, "is when they ask us to prove that 200 years from now we won't need the water back. It can't be proved."

Americans already own too much of Canada. They own most of our manufacturing and nearly all of such resource-based industries as mining and petroleum. No other industrialized nation has ever been penetrated so massively by another. What is more and what is worse, the U.S. firms that dominate our economy march to drums beaten in Chicago, New York and Washington, not in Ottawa. What would happen if a difference of opinion arose over the development of a U.S.-controlled water diversion scheme? Would the Americans say, "Well, it's your water, do what you like with it"? Not bloody likely.

Another factor. If a large area of the U.S. became dependent on our water, the temptation to interfere in our domestic politics to safeguard that supply would be very great. And the U.S. track record on intervention, from Santo Domingo to Saigon (and, according to former Prime Minister John Diefenbaker, even to Ottawa) has not been reassuring.

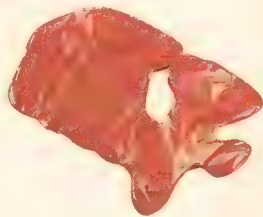
I am not suggesting here that the U.S. is engaged in an evil plot to snatch away our sovereignty. For decades, American companies have been invited, even begged, to plunder our resources. We sell, and they buy, and if our nationhood goes into the bargain that is our affair, not theirs. When we shriek that we are being savaged against our will, we are like a girl who hurls herself to the ground, hikes up her skirts and screams, "Rape!" If the process is to stop, it is we who must stop it, by ordering our own future rather than meekly accepting theirs.

It is not enough simply to say "not now" on water export. As the need grows in the west and southwest, as economic and political pressure mounts in Washington and Ottawa, the vacuum created by our lack of policy will be filled — by the U.S. if not by us. Americans will not always be satisfied with the answer they have been getting since 1964, the answer that we are still counting our water, and will they please come back later. "I won't say you are stalling," says Utah's Senator Frank Moss, "but if it goes on much longer, some people will say that."

We're not stalling; we really don't know how much water we have or how much we may need, and we're not anxious to spend the money to find out. Energy Minister Greene explains, "With the current pressure on the Canadian tax dollar, the question of whether or not we have water to spare is not likely to receive quick attention."

That won't do. Canada must begin, now, to develop a policy on water export, a policy that acknowledges that we have a surplus but aims to make that surplus work for Canada, not the U.S. Unless we plan to develop our water resources in our own national interest, we will find, as we found with oil and nickel and iron ore, that someone else is willing to develop — and own — them for us. If capital is required from the U.S. — and it will be — it should cross the border as loans, not equity; as bonds, not stocks. If water is to be sold to the U.S. — and it will be — such sales should be made only after the last potential drop of development has been siphoned off in Canada.

It will not do to say, as our government has been saying, that we will develop a policy when the time comes. The time is now. If we wait much longer there is a good chance that our development, our prosperity, our sovereignty will disappear one dusty day down an American drain. □



A Glimpse Of Nines To Come

AS IT MUST TO ALL athletes, retirement must some day come even to Gordie Howe, the hockey player who holds, among other things, the record for the most records ever set by one man at one sport. And when it does, the Detroit Red Wings, with whom Howe has played since 1946, will undoubtedly go through the ceremony of retiring the sweater bearing hockey's most famous number: 9.

Or will they? Earlier this season, Howe told a group of young graduates of an Eaton's Hockey School in Toronto that he'd kind of like to stick around until one of his sons could pick up where he leaves off and with the same number.

So, herewith the possibilities, with the reality standing tallest.

In front of Gordie: Murray (for Gordie's sometime teammate Murray Oliver). Age: nine. Shoots left. Plays left wing for Vetere Hardware in the Detroit Parks and Recreation League. Hockey future: too distant for analysis. But don't stand in the way of his slapshot.

Behind Gordie: Mark, 14, and Marty (for ex-Red Wing Marty Pavelich), 15. Both now playing for the Olympia Agency team in a Michigan league roughly equivalent to Junior B. Marty, a defenseman who scored seven goals and 13 assists in his first 25 games, has been heard to wish his name was "Finklebaum or something" but so far has not changed it. The best swimmer and high-jumper in his school, and the kind of football prospect U.S. colleges drool over, Marty seems to be headed for a hockey career.

Mark, who looks most like his dad, facially, in physique, and even in the way he skates, is a forward: 26 goals, 17 assists in 25 junior games. And his age, remember, is 14.

Perhaps the most unusual fact about the Howe household is that there is no more pressure on the boys (Mark and Marty are both honor students) to play pro hockey than there is on Cathy, 10. But the inevitable is the inevitable, we feel, and in the words of Red Wing General Manager Sid Abel, "if the boys were to play for Detroit, I'd let them wear number 9." So, we can assume, somewhere in the picture at right is the heir apparent. Nice idea, isn't it? □

PHOTOGRAPH BY CATHY WISMER





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Why Settle For One World When Turkey Offers Two?

BY JAMES MONTAGNES



Copperware to brooms—the 5,000 shops of Istanbul's Grand Bazaar have it. But haggle

CANADIANS ARE just beginning to discover Turkey, a rugged subtropical land of fine beaches on four seas and two straits, which is also a treasure house of antiquity, bargain shopping, reasonably priced accommodation, friendly people — and even offers skiing in winter.

It's also a great place for the I-was-there-first holiday one-upmanship game. Only 3,000 Canadians visited Turkey in 1967, the latest year for which figures are available. You can fly there by jet in little more than 12 hours on any of a number of major airlines, either from Montreal or New York via London, Frankfurt, Paris, Zurich, or Rome and Athens (\$612 from Toronto to Istanbul on a 21-day excursion return fare, only \$62 more than the excursion rate to Athens).

Turkey is just emerging into the tourist age. It has been visited by a variety of people for more than 5,000 years, but they came as conquerors. Today's visitor can see its main cities as well as smaller inland and coastal towns before the inhabitants become tourist-conscious. Visitors from North America are still a novelty in gleaming-white towns where camels and donkeys provide transport, where women still wear half-veils and

voluminous harem costumes, where the ruins of Roman, Greek, Hittite, Babylonian and earlier civilizations are strewn about and are slowly being restored.

Istanbul (formerly Constantinople) is the most visited of Turkish cities. Here you can be on two continents, Europe and Asia, simply by taking a 20-minute ferry ride across the Bosphorus, which connects the two culturally different parts of the city. Istanbul is the only city this side of the Iron Curtain in which the contrasts are both obvious and readily accessible.

The city's three million people create a hive of activity everywhere. You'll see street hawkers carrying sherbets, coffee and yogurt on their backs just as hawkers have done for centuries. You can join the crowds on the famed old Galata Bridge or the modern Ataturk Bridge across the Golden Horn. Along this storied waterway stand princely homes and palaces built when the Ottoman Empire was at its greatest glory. People ride on donkeys, travel in buses, in shared taxis called *dolmus*, and in horse-drawn carts along the steep, curving, narrow, cobblestoned streets lined with blocks of old buildings. They also drive in fast cars along wide waterfront avenues lined with

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TURKEY *continued*

fabulous mosques and palaces surrounded by elaborate gardens within sight of the Asian shore across the blue Bosphorus or Sea of Marmara. The beaches are filled with young Turkish girls in the skimpiest of bikinis — and while you watch this evidence of modern civilization you'll hear the muezzins call the Moslems to prayer five times a day from countless minarets, no longer at the top of their voices, but through loudspeaker systems, or even with prerecorded tapes.

Half-day and full-day bus sightseeing tours cost from \$4 to \$10 per person in Istanbul. In the mosques, where you remove your shoes before entering, you see vaulted arches, domes usually some 150 feet high, chandeliers hanging from on high, and lofty pulpits from which the *mullahs*, or priests, recite prayers. You'll always find some prostrate worshipper facing east toward Mecca, frequently touching his head to the oriental-carpeted floor in prayer.

Be sure to see the Sultan Ahmed or Blue Mosque with its six tall minarets, the beautiful mosque of Suleiman the Magnificent, and St. Sophia, a basilica for 800 years before the Turks conquered Constantinople and made it a mosque in the 15th century.

No one should miss the Topkapi palace and museum (where the movie *Topkapi* was made) with its formal gardens, colorfully tiled rooms, harem quarters and ornamental baths. In its museum section is one of the world's finest displays of jewelry, decorated weapons and porcelains. The more modern Dolmabahce Palace on the Bosphorus has been guest home for European monarchs over the past century.

The granddaddy of all covered shopping malls is Istanbul's Grand Bazaar, where merchants have haggled with customers for more than 500 years. It is a city in itself with 5,000 shops and a hundred streets and dimly lit alleyways. Best buys for visitors are Turkish slippers with the traditional turned-up toes, silver and gold filigree jewelry, meerschau pipes, silks, brassware and suede coats. But you are expected to haggle over prices — it's both traditional and part of the fun for both buyer and merchant.

Excursion steamers (four dollars for a half-day trip) cruise up and down the 20-mile-long Bosphorus. Ships from many nations pass by, including big Soviet oil tankers bound to or from the Black Sea at the northern end of the waterway. On the European shore are resort communities, and on the palm-lined Asiatic shore a few palaces dream in the sun. Forts bristle on the hills on both shores, the largest being 500-year-old Rumeli Hisari on the European side where, high above the busy shipping route, traditional

continued on page 53

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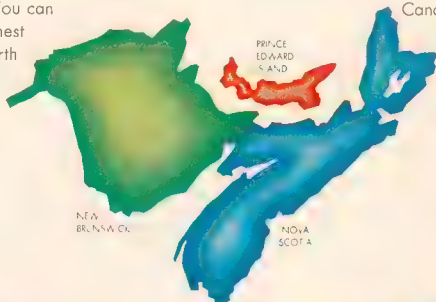
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TURKEY *continued*

You can attend a drama in a 2,000-year-old Greek theatre, or join a belly dancer in sinuous gyrations

Turkish sword dances are staged in an open-air amphitheatre. There, too, you can hear oriental band music played by soldiers in old Janissary costumes, and watch folk dances performed by young men and women.

Nightlife in Istanbul is varied. And don't be surprised if you are unexpectedly drawn into a wiggling belly-dancer's transparent veil and invited to join her in torso gyrations.

You can best see Turkish history and its fine beaches outside Istanbul from a scheduled week-long excursion steamer plying the Sea of Marmara, the Dardanelles, Aegean Sea and Mediterranean Sea. (From Istanbul to Antalya in a cabin with shower and washroom facilities is \$60, one way, with all meals.)

There is a stop at Izmir, formerly Smyrna, Turkey's second largest seaport where, in the ruins of the agora or Greek marketplace, statues of Greek and Roman gods still stand. At Budrum, ancient Halicarnassus, is a castle built by English, French and Italian Knights of Rhodes in the 15th century, where the museum has relics from shipwrecks of the Bronze Age. At Fethiye you can ride a camel or hike up a steep mountain to fu-

neral crypts carved high up in the rock, where Greek leaders were buried 2,400 years ago. The stone vaults are now empty, robbed centuries ago.

A side trip from Izmir will take you to Ephesus, with its Roman ruins, where the Holy Virgin spent the last days of Her earthly life. North of Izmir is Bergama, formerly Pergamum, with the ruins of an ancient Greek hospital and health spa. Here you can sit on stone steps in what is believed the world's steepest theatre — built on a hill by Greeks more than 2,000 years ago — for the performance of drama. The view is breathtaking. So is the climb down — there are no handrails.

There is a \$110 six-day tour of Turkey that takes in Istanbul, Izmir, Ephesus and Pergamum, with rooms in the best hotels in the two big cities and all meals.

Numerous new North American-style hotels have been built in the past few years and more are planned. Top rates are at most \$15 per couple, meals extra, although a few have more expensive accommodation. Motels are being built at many beach resorts. At a few, baby-sitting services can be arranged.

Roads are good, though there are no expressways as yet. Motor camping is being promoted and a chain of motor camps has been built with all facilities. Cars can be rented (Hertz) by the day or the week at Izmir and Ankara, the nation's capital, at rates that range from three dollars a day up, plus mileage.

Turkey is a Moslem country, but there are bars in most major city hotels and restaurants. Turkish wines, liqueurs and some hard liquors are available as well as imported alcoholic beverages.

The international exchange rate for Turkish currency is usually nine *lira* to the U.S. dollar, but there is a special tourist rate of 12 *lira* to the dollar when exchanged in Turkey. You may not bring in more than 200 *lira* or take out more foreign currency than you brought in. You need a passport, and your small-pox-vaccination certificate. No visa is required.

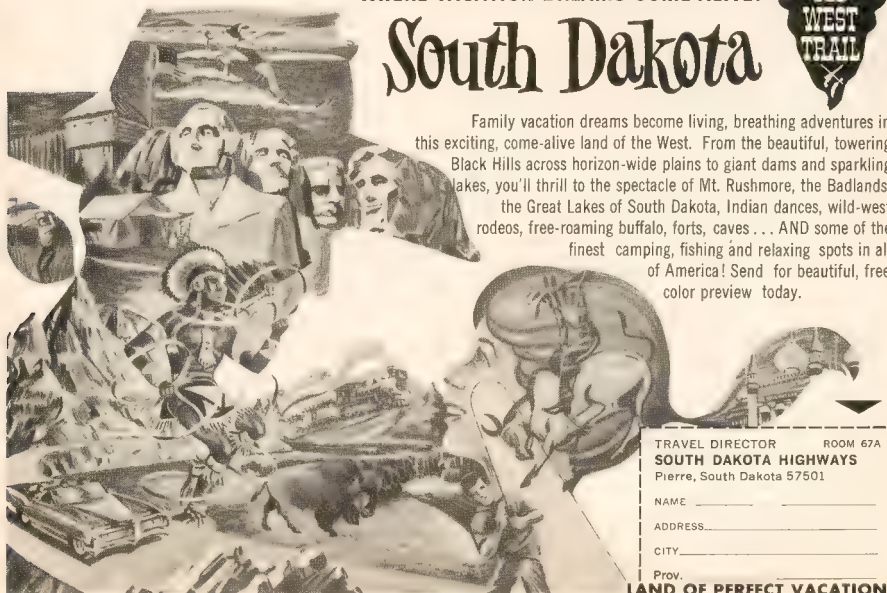
Seafood is excellent and the Turks know how to prepare barbecued lamb, roasted on a vertical spit and cut in lengthwise strips from the outside. Gourmets will want to try *dolma*, a concoction of rice, raisins and pine nuts wrapped in grape leaves. □

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AT YOUR SERVICE: MONEY

Mutual funds can be like too much shortcake after wine-and-spaghetti

MUTUAL FUNDS are in principle a superb buy for the man without the time to manage his own investments. But, like too much strawberry shortcake after a wine-and-spaghetti dinner, they can be disastrous if thoughtlessly consumed.

The pitfalls of these funds may be found sandwiched in the wordy, gentle language of the 825-page report of the Canadian Committee on Mutual Funds and Investment Contracts, released last December.

The wise investor should be aware of the most important of these. One is the contractual plan, a method of buying shares in mutual funds by installment. It should be avoided at all costs.

About nine percent of most of the money going into funds is taken as a sales charge. In the case of installment plans, most of this is "loaded" into the early months, when up to 50 percent of the buyer's money goes to sales charges.

If the fund-buyer stays in the plan long enough, his charges will average down. But the committee's finding is that a high proportion drop out, having paid a brutally high charge. Obvious conclusion: it is better to accumulate the installment money yourself and buy for a lump sum. The industry says installments are a necessary method of "forced saving." But the study shows that many people don't feel forced to save at all. And the addition of service charges in an installment plan may bring the average deduction to around 12 percent. This is too much.

Another problem is lack of competition among fund-sellers. Instead of competing by offering lower sales charges, the funds maintain their charges by agreement.

The committee regards this so seriously that it recommends a new law to end it, as there is now a law to prevent the price-fixing of goods. A third problem is the fact that the average purchaser of mutual funds doesn't know what he is getting. He sees sales literature, sometimes misleading. Often it is only when the salesman has him almost signed that the buyer gets a prospectus, usually long and complicated.

The committee recommends a simplified prospectus — a statement of what the fund is and how it is doing — early in the selling process. You don't have to wait for this solution: demand the full prospectus before agreeing to anything.

The committee favors measures to make it easier to sell funds. It would permit TV advertising, use of part-time salesmen and door-to-door selling.

If these become practice, it will be all the more important to ask: How much are the sales, management and service charges? Do the charges bear most heavily on early payments? How much better can I do by making lump-sum payments? Can I see the prospectus? Can I get my money back if I change my mind? □

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Medicare is undoubtedly a major social achievement. But it can also be a monster of bureaucratic complexity for the patient. Whom does he pay? How much? For what? And is he taxed three times for one thing? For those who run a fever trying to figure out what to do with their doctor's bills, Maclean's presents

Your Guide To The Medicare Maze

BY DEREK CASSELS

AFTER A LONG and painful labor, Medicare was born as the 1960s ended. Essentially it is a bid to "socialize" medicine by melding government schemes with private-enterprise insurance and the billing practices of entrepreneurial doctors. A step forward? Yes, but the result is that an employee's pay slip now reads like a computer printout for nuclear weaponry. It seems you need to become an accountant with a file clerk to assist you before you can risk being sick.

The confusion is compounded by the fact that while all but one of the provinces have agreed to join Medicare in principle, only seven had in fact done so by the beginning of 1970. And each of the seven has a different plan. Some are free; some cost as much as private insurance ever did. In one province, Medicare pays the total doctor's bill; in another, only part. In some provinces you're covered the moment you move there; in others you wait for three months, hoping to stay healthy. In one place, Medicare won't even pay for an optometrist to test your eyes; in another it will even pay to have your corns cut.

It is impossible to detail here all the permutations of Medicare and private-insurance plans. This is merely a quick and oversimplified guide to the riddle of Medicare across Canada. Since it's not definitive, get copies of the local regulations and read the fine print.

NEWFOUNDLAND is one of two provinces where Medicare is free — which means it's paid for by federal and provincial taxes. If you live there, you're covered, and the government will pay all doctor bills, and for some dental surgery performed in hospital.

To join, you fill in a simple form at the local post office, city hall or doctor's office. Even if a resident — as opposed

to a transient, or visitor — has *not* formally applied, he's still covered, but must fill in the form when he visits the doctor.

A word of warning: if you go to a specialist without first being referred to him by your GP, you may find yourself with an extra bill. That's because the specialist will only be paid a GP rate by the government, and he can bill you for the difference.

Doctors and government have agreed that the Medicare fee (which is only 90 percent of the local medical association fee schedule) will be accepted as payment in full. Even if your doctor is not working within the Medicare plan, he must also send his bill to the government, which then pays you so you can pay him.

If your eyes are tested by an optometrist, you must pay. If you go to an ophthalmic surgeon (who is also a doctor), the government pays. The government is thinking of including optometrists.

The list of things *not* covered is much the same as in most other provinces. The government doesn't pay for ambulances, drugs and appliances, medical examinations needed for employment, insurance — or for "nonessential" surgery, such as a nose job.

NOVA SCOTIA's Medicare plan, like the one in Newfoundland, is free and covers all residents. With this difference: if you move to the province from a non-Medicare province then you must wait 90 days to be eligible. However, if you come from another Medicare province your coverage is valid during this time.

Again, ambulances and drugs are not included — but most provinces already have hospitalization schemes that cover ambulance costs, and cheap private insurance can cover drug costs.

If you are taken ill outside Nova Sco-

tia, the government will pay only what it pays doctors within Nova Scotia. If your out-of-province doctor charges more than that, then you pay the difference. But this is true of all provincial plans.

Only 16 Nova Scotia doctors have not joined Medicare, but if you consult one of them the government will pay its fee schedule and you must pay the difference — if any. If a participating doctor wants to charge more than the government fee, he must tell you beforehand.

It's hard to say how many doctors are charging more than the fee schedule. About a quarter of the claims processed last year bore some indication that the patient was also being asked to pay an additional amount. But officials say that this proves nothing: it may be that all doctors are asking a few of their better-heeled patients to pay more than the fee schedule, or that just a few are double-billing everyone they treat.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND has not yet said if it will join Medicare.

NEW BRUNSWICK is not yet in the federal scheme, and at the end of 1969 no date had been set for it to join. But enabling laws were passed back in December 1968 and, when it is finally introduced, the province's plan will parallel those of Newfoundland and Nova Scotia, at least insofar as everyone who lives there will be covered free of charge.

QUEBEC should be in the plan by July. What is proposed would be a universal, publicly administered provincial health plan in which the province's share of the cost will be covered by a special provincial tax of 0.8 percent of a married man's pay if he earns more than \$4,000 a year, or the same percentage of a single man's pay if he earns more than \$2,000. Employers will pay the same amount for each employee. But the premium ceiling ▶



A boy and his world

David Maddison's world is just about everything a young lad could wish for. It is swimming, fishing, boating, soccer, hockey, baseball, modern schools, movie theatres, TV, playing in the bush and nice places for eating out. When he is a little older, David will appreciate the other things his world offers. Beautiful motels, a library, huge shopping plazas and supermarkets, golf, curling, skiing, spacious, modern homes on landscaped streets, completely unspoiled natural surroundings. For this is Thompson, 400 miles north of Winnipeg. Thompson is home for David, his mother and older brother, and his dad, Harold Maddison, Senior Metallurgist, Administration, at Inco's Thompson mining complex. To them, there's no place like Thompson.

INTERNATIONAL NICKEL
TORONTO DOMINION CENTRE, TORONTO



MEDICARE MAZE *continued*

No province makes it easier to join Medicare than Saskatchewan. None charges more than Ontario

will be \$125 a year, so it can't cost anybody more than that.

ONTARIO is where the Medicare Maze gets thickest, and where it is most expensive. Premiums are: \$5.90 for a single person, \$11.80 for a married couple, \$14.75 for a family of three or more. However, if you are married, with two or more dependents, and earn less than \$1,300 a year in taxable income you can plead poverty, and the government will partly subsidize your premiums. A couple with \$1,000 or less in taxable income, and a single person with \$500 or less, can also get a government subsidy.

And then, when you get to the doctor, it could — and often does — cost more than in other provinces. If the doctor's bill is higher than the government is prepared to pay, then the fee gap is your responsibility. As in most other provinces, the government will pay only 90 percent of the fee schedule set by the provincial medical association. Since Medicare was introduced last October, indications are that most doctors are asking patients to cough up the extra 10 percent.

Ontario's plan doesn't include the frills found in the more generous schemes of BC and Alberta. But it does cover eye tests by optometrists. As elsewhere, most dental surgery performed in hospital is paid for. But again drugs, ambulances, "nonessential" surgery and some ancillary medical services are not provided for, so private insurance schemes to cover such areas still thrive.

If your company has more than 15 employees, both it and you must join the scheme. Anyone employing more than five people can also apply for membership.

It also takes time to get coverage in Ontario — there is a three-month vacuum between applying for membership and being covered.

However, in Ontario inadequacies of the provincial version of Medicare are a hot political issue, so changes are expected.

MANITOBA also charges for Medicare, but modestly. It costs 55 cents a month for a single person, and twice that for a family. As you move westward in Canada, you find changes, and increases, in the variety of medical services covered. Manitoba, for instance, will pay for optometrists and for chiropractors.

There is a 90-day waiting period between applying for coverage, and getting it. If you have come from another Medicare province, you're in good shape because that province will accept responsibility for bills incurred during those 90 days. If you come from a non-Medicare

province, tough luck: you still have to wait 90 days, and hope you don't fall sick in that time.

By law, residents must register with the plan. As everywhere, registration is relatively simple — just fill in the appropriate forms at the local city hall or at your place of work; your employers usually will deduct your premiums from your pay. Otherwise, you must pay at least one month in advance.

Regular checks are made to ensure premiums are being paid. If you're a defaulter, you are still covered under the plan, but may be prosecuted.

The province's plan pays 85 percent of the medical association fee schedule, and participating doctors accept this as payment in full. A nonparticipating doctor *must* tell you before he begins treatment, and it's up to either him or you to claim as much as the government will pay. You cough up the rest.

SASKATCHEWAN is, of course, where socialized medicine began in North America eight years ago. And yet it isn't as "socialist" as in some other provinces that have since joined the federal Medicare plan.

For instance, it isn't free: the premiums are one dollar a month for a single person, and two dollars for families. And then there is the "utilization fee."

When Saskatchewan first introduced socialized medicine there was a massive increase in the number of people consulting doctors. This placed too large a strain on the province's medical facilities, so to dissuade people from indiscriminate use of the services the government started charging the patient \$1.50 every time he visits a doctor and two dollars when the doctor visits him. This "utilization fee" worked: the pressure was almost immediately eased.

But it is easier to join Saskatchewan Medicare than to join any other provincial scheme. You don't even have to fill in a form, but you do have to go to your local provincial government office and provide details of your family.

Again, optometrists are included in the plan, though chiropractors are not. As elsewhere, big firms usually collect premiums through payroll deductions, but the fine print of the Act says it is each individual's personal responsibility to ensure the premium is paid.

Bills are paid in one of three ways. The doctor can bill you; bill the government; or bill one of two doctor-sponsored plans, which then pass the bill on to the government. This last option is provided for doctors who find it distasteful to deal directly with the government. Doctors who bill the government directly or use

the doctor-sponsored plans are tacitly agreeing to accept 85 percent of the provincial medical association fee schedule as payment in full for their services. If the doctor bills you directly he can charge more than the 85 percent, and you pay the difference. The onus is on the doctor to tell the patient what his billing practice is.

ALBERTA, like Manitoba, won't cut you off from medical treatment if you don't pay the premiums of five dollars a month for a single person and \$10 per family. But if you default, you're breaking the law and may be prosecuted.

All residents must register, and there is no waiting period: you're covered the moment you fill in the form.

Until the end of last year, the government paid 100 percent of the provincial medical association fee schedule. But then the fee schedule was revised upward, and the government didn't immediately accept the new charges. Result: patients were sometimes asked to pay the difference between old and new fees. But an adjustment to match Medicare fees and the medical association fee schedule is in the works.

As elsewhere, dental care is covered only if it is surgery performed in hospital. But otherwise, the Alberta scheme is more liberal. It includes optometrists, chiropractors, podiatrists, osteopaths and appliances prescribed by podiatrists.

BRITISH COLUMBIA is a great place to be sick. All doctors are participating members of the Medicare plan, which means they all accept 90 percent of the medical association fee schedule as payment in full.

Premiums are five dollars a month for a single person, \$10 for a couple and \$12.50 for a family. As everywhere else, the "nonessential" surgery — that new nose job again, or any other kind of cosmetic surgery — is a luxury you pay for yourself. But the BC plan throws in more extras than any other province.

Apart from doctors and surgeons and optometrists, the plan covers chiropractors, naturopaths, osteopaths, podiatrists and orthopedic treatment (correction of defective visual habits). Physiotherapists, Red Cross nurses, special nursing care and visits by the Victorian Order of Nurses can also be paid for under the plan. And if you earn less than \$1,000 taxable income, the government will help pay the premiums.

But if all this makes you want to move to the hypochondriac's Valhalla, be warned: there's a waiting period of at least two months between applying for Medicare benefits, and being eligible to receive them. □

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AT YOUR SERVICE: TRENDS



Kenneth Craig

Ray Moriyama: A designing man with seduction on his mind...

BY MARJORIE HARRIS

MOST CANADIAN URBANITES, unlike Raymond Moriyama, don't look for sex in the architecture around them. But Moriyama knows better. After all, he's the architect who has designed, among other celebrated buildings, the magnificent Ontario Science Centre, which opened in Toronto last September, and he insists that his buildings, especially the Science Centre, are loaded with sexuality. "I worked on a seduction principle," he says, "a strip tease, never exposing all. The building unfolds more and more as people work in it and with it. It changes in sunlight, moonlight, rain and seasons, always remaining elusive." In contrast to the highrise saltboxes that thrust their nervous energy upward in the area near his building, suggesting tentative masculinity, Moriyama's Science Centre has a sensual Mother Earth quality.

Moriyama is pretty sexy himself. He's short and carries himself with the arrogant masculinity of an early Samurai. He dresses with flair, in a style perfectly scaled to his height.

Moriyama has already designed a number of radical buildings, mostly in the Toronto area: a private North York golf course and shelter (1961 Massey Award winner); the Japanese-Canadian Culture Centre; a shelter for Edwards Gardens; a graduate-women's residence at Waterloo University; his own office building and several houses. His buildings have been described as being either sensitive and profound or overdetailed and precious. But everyone has acclaimed the

Some boys are just natural leaders. You can tell this by the effort they make and by what they'd like to be someday.

The Canadian Forces has a special programme to encourage boys like this. (Boys like your son).

It's a scholarship system — at Canadian Military Colleges and selected universities, known as The Regular Officer Training Plan (ROTP). This Plan not only pays his tuition fees, but the entire cost of his higher education—expenses included.

Perhaps your son has always wanted to go to university. We'll help him to get a degree in Arts, Sciences, or Engineering.

In return, of course, we ask something of our student cadets. They must commit themselves to several years of hard work. (The regular college years, plus a minimum of four years service as officers in the Canadian Armed Forces.)

This follow-up programme will help your son to broaden his horizon and gain valuable practical experience during his formative years.

Naturally, we hope to keep our officers a good deal longer than just four years. As incentives, we offer the chance to travel; and a chance to make the world a better place. They receive experience that would be hard to match in civilian life; work that's exciting and challenging; and a salary that is fully commensurate with their professional status.

These are the reasons why we call this "a better than ordinary education"; and why we think it will interest your son.

There are three Canadian Military Colleges which he may attend: The Royal Military College of Canada, at Kingston, Ontario; Royal Roads Military College, in Victoria, B.C. and Collège militaire royal de Saint-Jean, in Saint-Jean, Quebec. Or, he could be sponsored for a course at a selected university and take the special training during the summer months.

We also encourage applications from eligible candidates who wish to attend one of the Military Colleges on the basis of paying tuition, board and accessories. The training programme is identical to ROTP but the graduate is granted a commission in the Reserves and may return directly to civilian life. This is the Reserve Entry scheme.

For more information on the Canadian Military Colleges, write the Registrar of one of the Military Colleges or to the Director of Recruiting, Canadian Forces Headquarters, Ottawa 4, Ontario.

Déjà dans l'enfance, on reconnaît que certains garçons sont destinés à être des chefs. Leur façon de s'attaquer au travail et leurs ambitions personnelles sont révélatrices.

Et c'est à ces jeunes garçons (des garçons comme votre fils) qu'il est important de fournir les meilleurs moyens d'action.

Les Forces armées canadiennes ont un programme spécial pour eux. Semblable à une bourse d'études, la formule assure non seulement les frais de scolarité — dans un collège militaire canadien ou dans certaines universités, s'il y a lieu — mais tous les frais de son enseignement supérieur, y compris ses dépenses personnelles.

Votre fils a peut-être déjà manifesté son désir de faire des études universitaires. Avec le Programme de formation d'officiers des Forces régulières, il obtiendra un baccalauréat ès arts, en génie ou en sciences.

Bien sûr, nous demandons quelque chose en retour. En plus de travailler dur pendant plusieurs années, dans un cadre viril où les exercices du corps et de l'esprit font bon ménage, il devra s'engager à servir pendant au moins quatre ans en tant qu'officier dans les Forces armées canadiennes. Cela fait partie du programme et ouvre ses horizons tout en lui assurant une expérience pratique très utile.

Evidemment, nous espérons que nos officiers resteront avec nous bien plus longtemps que quatre ans. Et dans ce sens, nous offrons des avantages certains: la possibilité de voyager; la possibilité de contribuer au mieux-être du monde; un climat de travail stimulant; une expérience pratique difficile à trouver dans la vie civile; et un excellent salaire, correspondant à leur compétence professionnelle.

Voilà pourquoi nous croyons offrir de très grandes possibilités, et pourquoi nous pensons que votre fils serait intéressé. Il y a trois collèges militaires où il pourrait étudier: le Collège militaire royal de Saint-Jean à Saint-Jean, Québec, le Royal Military College of Canada à Kingston, Ontario et Royal Roads Military College à Victoria, C.B. Ou encore ses études pourraient être subventionnées dans une université et il recevrait un entraînement spécial pendant les mois d'été.

Les collèges ont également un certain nombre de places pour des candidats qui seront des élèves officiers de la Réserve. Les frais de scolarité et tous les autres frais seront à la charge de ces candidats qui profiteront de tous les avantages de formation générale, académique et scientifique au même titre que ceux qui veulent faire carrière dans les Forces armées du pays.

Renseignez-vous sur les collèges militaires canadiens en écrivant au registraire d'un collège militaire ou au Directeur du recrutement, Quartier général des Forces canadiennes, Ottawa 4, Ontario.

**If you think
your son is better
than ordinary,
he deserves a
better than ordinary
education.**



**Plus le potentiel
de votre fils est grand,
plus il importe
de lui donner
les plus grandes
possibilités.**

Give it some thought.

En fin de course: un homme, un vrai!



This is a Florsheim



now
look at your
shoes.

RAY MORIYAMA *continued*

Science Centre, even though it was five controversial years in the making and two years late as a Centennial project.

The design is based on three interlocking circles: man, science and nature. The basic problem to solve: alienation from, and the fear about, science and technology. That's why Moriyama used his seduction technique to move people through the mundane part of the building, the restaurants and checkrooms, to the exhibits. He designed a long hall open to the ravine on one side, and carpeted the other three sides in azure. The downward slant of the hall and all that blue seem to suck you right into the central core of the building. To make people feel secure there are scores of participatory exhibits. "The context of our time is very important to me," he says. "The life cycle of any product now is five years or less. The only constant is change and if this centre is to survive it must change constantly." So, every year 15 percent of the exhibits will be new, assuring a complete turn-over every seven or eight years.

Moriyama was born in Vancouver in 1929 to Japanese-Canadian parents. By the time he was 11, he'd watched his father dragged off to an internment camp, witnessed the collapse of the family's hardware business, and had dug ditches to pay for room and board at an aliens' camp in the British Columbia bush. Still, those tough years kept him in close contact with nature, a factor that has determined his style of architecture and his life. His masterpiece, the Science Centre, appears to be part of the steep ravine in which it is set. This is true of all his buildings: they are a natural enhancement to their sites, and add a sense of mystery to the location.

The Centre seems to be part of the trees, to hang on to them. Moriyama had his contractor preserve every tree outside the perimeter of the building. "The building must state that Man is an intrinsic part of nature," he says. "He cannot forget his past and, with his emphasis on science and technology, nature is his base."

During his museum research, Moriyama found that the human brain can accept only about 20,000 square feet of man-made display, then his attention trails off. So at the Centre, the viewer is constantly being refreshed by nature. The Centre is a success, if crowds count. By early January, 285,500 people had clomped their way through it.

Now Moriyama is concentrating on an even more breathtaking scheme, one that doesn't yet depend on taxpayers or politicians. It's his vision of the Canadian north recreated into a vast park-land.



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"By 2000," he says, "the world population will be six or seven billion. And what becomes crucial? Peace of mind, which means land. Other nations are going to put tremendous demands on Canada for open spaces for recreation."

Moriyama is the chairman of a Task Force on Ecological and Environmental Factor, a group of 150 architects, foresters, sociologists, ecologists and geologists who are traveling across the north and working on research projects that are germane to Canada's survival. They are paying the shot themselves. Some of the group traveled 200 miles north of the Arctic Circle last November. "The ecology is so delicate up there; you can't treat it like the south," says Moriyama. "Touch it even a little, and you could create instant pollution. Unless there's some sort of stewardship by the government, we'll bitch it up, too."

Moriyama found northern conditions depressing: cultural genocide of the Eskimos unchecked by the government; the native people living in slum conditions. In Inuvik, an Eskimo woman latched on to Moriyama. "I hear there are architects here," she said. "I don't want to talk to anybody but architects." For two days he toured the little town with her and came to at least a partial understanding of the problems the Task Force must articulate. "The Eskimo women tend to accept the white man's way because this represents security for their children," says Moriyama. "But without the hunt, men feel useless, like eunuchs, and they go on welfare."

What struck him most about the white people was what he calls northern paranoia: "They always start a discussion by saying, 'We're not as good as the south, but . . .'" And I'm saying the hell with that sort of baloney. Why don't they aim as high as anyone else — or higher? So many of their goals are second-rate."

Moriyama and his colleagues are collating all their information to find out what the problems are.

Normally, Moriyama is impatient with group activity unless it involves professionals. He was a founding member of Toronto's CORRA (Confederation of Ratepayers and Residents Association). He became less active when he found he could be more effective by doing things alone. He is a consultant for the Toronto Planning Board, helping to prepare studies on the St. Lawrence Centre for the Arts, downtown-renewal projects and a new rail - and communications terminal proposal. "Committees end up being compromises," he says. "With the same amount of time given over to just thinking a problem through, and then doing something about it, I can contribute

continued on page 62

14 Easter Sun-days in the Caribbean



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RAY MORIYAMA *continued*

more than by going to meetings."

He also sees the practice of conventional architecture as dead. It's no longer just a matter of cranking up some kind of structure that fits the pocketbook and the building code. It requires much more involvement with the whole quality of life than ever before. "I feel there are the politicians and bureaucracy on one hand, and people who are interested in people on the other. There's a need for a third force — as an individual and an architect-planner, I represent it — to convey to one party what the other's desires are. I'm interested in helping decision-makers make better answers." An egotistical statement to be sure, but Moriyama doesn't move until he's convinced himself he's right. He has two full-time researchers on his staff of 24: a social scientist and an ecologist.

Right now Moriyama is working on a hotel for downtown Toronto, a new town centre for the borough of Scarborough, a stadium at Guelph, Ontario, and a campus building for Brock University at St. Catharines. To get away from pressure, he relaxes every day with his five children, ranging in age from six to 13, or spends time on his farm near Orangeville. He uses the farm also as a think tank for his staff when things get too hectic in the city.

He's been obsessed by pollution for some time. "But," he says, "I was recently sitting in a plane talking to Dr. Donald Chant [the University of Toronto's pollution expert]. We were, of course, discussing pollution — both of us were chain-smoking." He's against insensitive people who are motivated by short-term money and political goals. He is for people, like Chant, who are in-ter-directed, dedicated to solving one of the determining problems of our time.

Moriyama drives a Mercedes, partly because he believes it's more efficient than most other cars. But he turns off the motor rather than let it idle, since an idling car emits 10 cubic feet of pollutant a minute. "I'm not completely against machinery," he says, "as long as it's used properly." He isn't against developers either, as long as they don't contaminate our biosphere.

Every building, Moriyama says, is about an idea or a need. The Parthenon was about life after death; the Taj Mahal about perpetual love. "The Science Centre strives to express the concept of the pursuit of knowledge."

The paramount need for our age is peace of mind. In his search for that, Moriyama says, "I'm constantly reminded of what my grandfather told me: the moon shines just as much on a handful of water as on a lake. We may find truth under a pebble. Truth is probably very small." □

Geben Sie mir ein
Dewar's, bitte!

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per favore!

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Donnez-moi un
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Nianne, a member of Toronto's Finnish-Canadian Gymnastic Club, took a post-sauna walk in the snow with no ill effects. That's good training for you. The Nini Ricci bikini she's wearing is the most comfortable and flattering of the season. It's \$30; cover-up, \$72. From Five Star.

BATHING SUITS don't usually conjure up images of ice and snow. But they profoundly affect people in the north anyway. Some of the slinkiest, sexiest swimwear is designed by people living in Finland, Norway, Sweden — and Canada. Year after year they produce the best swimwear on the market.

Perhaps making sensual bathing suits fulfills winter fantasies. Or maybe we people of the north are all the more appreciative of langorous ladies clad in so little because we spend so much of our time bundled up. Either way, it gets us through the winter.

This year's suits seem to cover more skin, but display more body. There are no hampering bones or girdlelike restrictions: and they are much more revealing *after* a swim than just lying about on a beach or beside a pool.

Our models were chosen from the Mari-Girls (the Finnish-Canadian Gymnastic Club of Toronto). Their bodies, honed to perfection by years of training, are our ideal of what should be inside a Nordic swimsuit. Neither Leena nor Nianne seemed to mind going from sauna to snow (it was about 20 degrees at the time) to shower, since this sauna routine is almost normal for them.

In fact, the Scandinavian practice of making saunas as domestically commonplace as showers is catching on all over Canada. It's estimated we now have more than 30,000, with the heaviest concentration in Ontario. And the boom has barely started. Saunas are not only an essential feature of health clubs and most new apartment blocks, but smaller versions, ranging in price from a few hundred dollars to \$1,000, make it easy for any house or cottage to accommodate one.

The strenuous workout we've used to display the new suits isn't recommended for everyone. It demands a body in perfect condition. But it is a recognition of our Nordic connections.

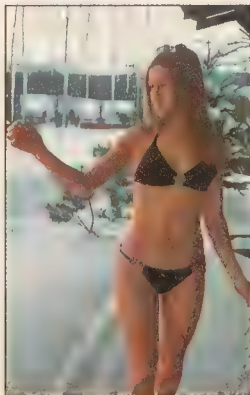


Snow, Saunas And Swimsuits

PRODUCED BY MARJORIE HARRIS
PHOTOGRAPHS BY KENNETH CRAIG



These micro-bikinis guarantee no white marks. They're the new tan-through suits — not that much is covered up anyway. Nianne's is brown, \$9; Leena's is flowered cotton batiste, \$10. From Five Star.



First a sauna, then a walk in the snow followed by a shower. That's the prescribed pattern for a Nordic sauna experience. Top left: Leena in a Swedish suit from Five Star, \$35. Centre: two slinky Du Pont nylon suits by Canada's Beatrice Pines, \$20 each. Bottom: a Swedish suit, \$52. Above: bikini, \$30, and a sensational white suit — very risqué when wet, \$30. From Five Star Fashions. □

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Bilingual Crossword For Non-Bilingual People: No.1

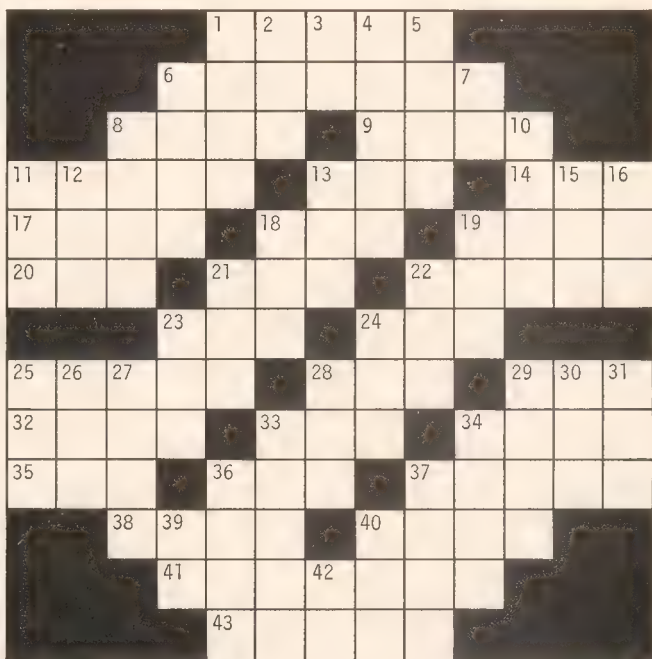
BY BELLE HAMILTON

Horizontalement

1. Trait de caractère de Derek Sanderson (5)
6. Action de vin sur la langue (7)
8. Richesses accumulées (4)
9. "Comme Saturne, la Révolution — ses enfants," (*La Mort de Danton*). (4)
11. "Fifre Rouge" du Canada (5)
13. Ennemi à mort de Cléopâtre (3)
14. Général américain (3)
17. "Le capitaine Croc" en a perdu une (4)
18. Crier au loup (3)
19. Décrivez les feuilles de l'Ode au Vent d'Ouest de Shelley (4)
20. Sans égal (3)
21. Dix-huit cent douze (3)
22. Puissance d'une bicyclette (5)
23. Appartement d'un chic type (3)
24. Solo de violon d'un comédien américain (3)
25. Frère de Prométhée (5)
28. Progéniture (3)
29. Est permis (3)
32. Un os de la jambe (4)
33. Maisonnée d'une sorcière (3)
34. Article d'alimentation chinoise (4)
35. Épousée de Chanteclair (3)
36. Cache de forçat (Dickens, *Grandes Espérances*). (3)
37. Opposé de chimères (5)
38. Instrument pour travailler (4)
40. Prix d'un journal (4)
41. Article avec hésitation (7)
43. Planètes satellites (5)

Verticalement

1. Appareil pour la torture (Hist.) (4)
2. Quelle blague! (Brit.) (3)
3. Egalement (2)
4. Oiseaux canadiens (Jack Miner) (5)
5. Son célèbre de céréales croustillantes (4)



6. Augmenter du poids (4)
7. ——— Laurent (2)
8. Céder pour un temps (4)
10. Voiture arctique (4)
11. Une notabilité de l'Annuaire des Notabilités (3)
12. Du verbe avoir (3)
13. Un chant (3)
15. Age fixe dans l'histoire (3)
16. Il l'a balancé sur le bout de son nez (Le Père Guillaume de Lewis Carroll) (3)
18. Jeune homme (3)
19. Comprenez? (3)
21. Existé (3)
22. Enfant préteré (3)
23. Fils d'Hermès (3)
24. Promesse de payer si l'on perd (3)
25. Premier jour de carême: Le mercredi des — (3)
26. Comme le mot grec pour "dieu" (3)
27. Un tout petit peu de fil (4)
28. Arme (3)
29. De ——— et d'hommes, un roman de Steinbeck (4)
30. Manifestation de la volonté (3)
31. Parfaitement (3)
33. Bonjour (5)
34. Anciennes machines de guerre (4)
36. Marque d'un chien enragé (4)
37. Baumes de Canada (4)
39. Préposition (2)
40. Chambre privée (3)
42. Préposition (2)

ANSWER: ACROSTIC NO. 1

SCOTT SYMONS.

Place d'Armes:

"His partner is that healthy Canadian girl who would figure in a better housekeeping kitchen ad were she pertier. The whole room is a study in the vertical Canadian mosaic, except that I . . . don't fit in."

DIRECTIONS: The clues are in French; you fill in the diagram with answers in English. The French is easy — what you remember of your high-school French should crack the toughest clue. Bilingual Crossword will appear every other month, alternating with Canada's Toughest Acrostic. Answer to the puzzle above will appear next month.

A ludicrous slide into a snowbank at 15 mph is the worst that can happen in the

Car Races That Don't Kill

BY WILLIAM CAMERON

Photographs by Horst Ehrlich

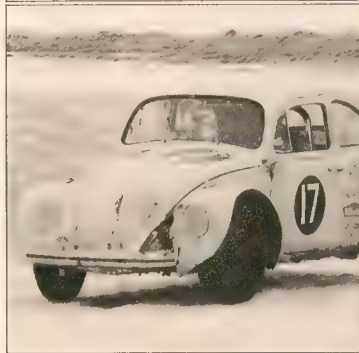
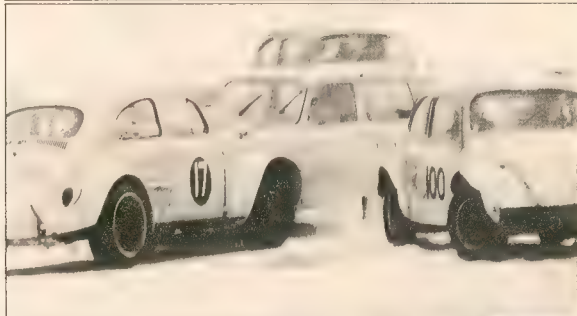
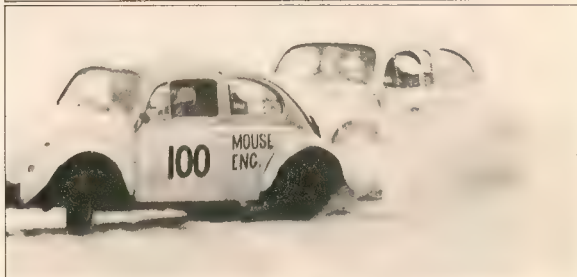
WE ARE ALL HACKING around on the ice of a windy bay at three o'clock in the afternoon, and it is not glamorous. It is colder than an old man's dream. The speeds are slow, 10 and 15 miles per hour around the turns and only 40 or so on the straights. The track is bumpy. The people who came out to see somebody get killed, which is the secret reason most people have for going to see automobile racing, have all gone home. It is apparent that nobody is going to die at 15 to 40 miles per hour unless it is from pure boredom. There would be more action in a dodgem arena or a roller-derby rink. Why freeze?

The rest of us, the enthusiasts, are watching Chris Cossette take a turn very slowly and beautifully, at perhaps 12 miles per hour, a fraction away from the speed at which his Volkswagen would slip out of control. The car is on the outside limit of adhesion, but Cossette is sliding on a precise angle; as he comes out of the turn his back wheels catch a sprinkling of snow, he stamps on the accelerator and is suddenly and surprisingly gone.

It is superbly done, the transition has the complete line and grace of a fine high-dive, and the fact that it is executed at 12 miles an hour takes nothing away from its elegance, except for those people who consider auto-racing a blood sport in which a mistake should properly be punishable by death.

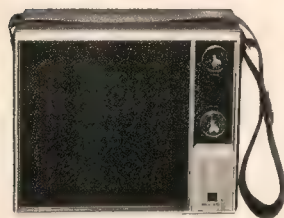
The people who are excited only by speed, and the dangers implied by speed, will have their moments later on in the afternoon, in the fifth race, which is for cars equipped with studded tires. It is possible to go very fast on ice when your traction is improved with small metal spikes; it is like racing on dry land, quick and nifty and aggressive. The cars equipped with rubber tires do not go fast, and the skills the drivers need are less

continued on page 70



Chris Cossette (right) races down the straight (top) at the Young's Point, Ont., ice track, collides in a tight turn spinout, winds up facing oncoming cars. Total damage: a bent fender — no bruises

***Sling this to your shoulder
and walk away with the
best sound around.***



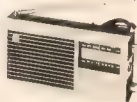
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**10-Transistor FM AM
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Model 10M-890F**



**Solid State FM/AM Portable Radio
THE PLAZA Model RM-341F**



obvious, but the races are more beautiful to watch.

The first ice races I saw were held on a cove at Barrie, Ontario. I borrowed a crash helmet and went along with Chris Cossette on a practice run around the three-quarter-mile track. Cossette had been the Ontario ice-racing champion in all classes in 1967 and 1968, but had missed a few races this season, and was out to make up championship points. He was driving with a precision that hung on the edge of control, and although I had driven faster, and been in more danger, along the highway from Toronto to Barrie, I hung on to my half of the dashboard as though I were drowning.

Cossette is a pleasant-looking public-relations man who is certifiably sane, but he talks to himself savagely during a race: "*Son of a gun . . . Now this guy, this little Vauxhall, he's going to cut me right off, every time . . . There he goes. I knew he was going to stuff it . . . This part is greasier than last time, somebody's wiped out the cover . . . If this clown doesn't get out of my way I'm going to go right over him. Right through him. He couldn't back into a garage, this creep. . .*"

Cossette drives on ice because it is less expensive and less dangerous than driving on a dry track. But this is not to say that he does not have the nerve for dry-track racing; until a few years ago his hot Corvette was a familiar sight at Ontario sports-car meets.

"If I ever went back to dry-track racing, my marriage would go like *that*. My wife would be off like a rocket. I'm 28 years old, I have a good house in Toronto, I'm starting my own business. I haven't even been a father yet. What would I go back for? So I do this instead, and my wife comes and watches, it's a giggle. If you get hit, what the hell, you slide 50 feet and stuff it into a snowbank. And if you're good at it, you get the same feeling you get racing on dry land. It's pure skill, pure skill and tactics."

The skills are precise, but the tactics vary. Cossette is a delicate driver; he has been known to nudge a slower car out of the way with a fender, but he generally tries to avoid hard contact because it wastes time and traction. Other drivers aren't as polite. Bob Attrell, a Toronto mechanic who got his training in stock-car races, is inclined to shoulder his way through a jam-up rather than go around it: "Strictly speaking, that's illegal, and I wouldn't say that I deliberately hit people just to knock them off the track or anything like that. But even if I did, who could prove it? You're sliding all the time, you might just happen to slide one way rather than the other — who's to say you could help it?"

There is usually a good deal of bash-

ing and crashing around on the ice — sometimes accidental, sometimes just for the hell of it. Drivers with a highly developed sense of dignity don't last long. There is nothing quite as frustrating, or as ludicrous, as a slide into a snowbank at 15 miles per hour, and competitors take a splendid delight in helping you do just that: "Bernie stuffed it in the snowbank around the second turn. Well, he actually didn't actually stuff it all by himself, now, I helped him just a little bit, but he came out of that slide with his rear end hanging out and I just, um, couldn't resist."

Ice-racing is an amateur's sport. It is inexpensive, casual, there are no money prizes and no serious accidents; the drivers are an odd assortment of mechanics, professional racers keeping in shape for the summer circuit, and any number of pure enthusiasts: surgeons, lawyers, salesmen, dentists, postmen, all of whom have an absolute faith that they could have been Juan Fangio if they hadn't got married instead. They drive or tow their cars to the lakes every weekend, check into motels, and throw immense binges on Saturday nights. There is plenty of beer, and a good deal of bare-faced lying. ("Now, I was all set to turn it on out there, but old Harvey came up too close on the outside and clipped me from behind and I went straight into the ditch. Harvey was okay, he bounced back off me, y'see, so he went straight on through, and anyway the damn course stewards didn't get me back on the track till the race was half over.") The wives sit in a corner and talk about children, and the men talk about engines. ("Got an Ocrasa speed kit from Germany, new crank, dual carbs, intake manifolds, we took that engine apart and put it back together so it wouldn't recognize itself.")

On Sunday, the race, smaller and larger cars in their own heats. The course, inevitably, is bad ("Got bumps on the back you could make an igloo out of") and the ice, inevitably, is spotty. The spectators trudge slowly out from the shore to watch somebody get killed, and trudge back again half an hour later, wondering what all the fuss is about. The cars move serenely around the track, gliding in and around turns, spinning ferociously in the straightaways.

It is slow and unglamorous and not dangerous at all; but it is graceful as a dance, in the turns it is pure art, and if the drivers are good it is as beautiful as any other sport I have seen.

"Pussyfoot on the corners, and thump it on the straights," says Chris Cossette, doing up the snaps on his helmet before a race. "Simple as that. You follow that advice, and you'll be second every time. I'm going to be first, mind you, but you'll be second. It's not hard. Just like skating in your bare feet." □

WHERE TO FIND THE ICE DICES

IT'S EASY to go ice-racing: the races are all run by local branches of the Canadian Automobile Sports Club and usually there are no special tests of driving skills, few forms to fill out and little initial expense. Use the family car if you can face a few dents in the fenders — or buy an old used car and tinker with it. Membership in the sports-car club is usually a requirement.

The sport is most popular in Quebec, Ontario and Manitoba; in Winnipeg races are held as often as local ice conditions permit, and they have a reputation for being "tough." In Regina and Saskatoon there are only occasional races, usually hastily arranged by enthusiasts who might otherwise go to Winnipeg.

Calgary has its own unique ice races on Little Red Deer Lake, about 10 miles southwest of the city. They are time-trial races against the clock, so at no time is more than one car on the track. These events, closed to the public, are called "Ice Dices" and are run most winter weekends.

In Edmonton, the Northern Alberta Sports Car Club runs both Ice Dices and massed-start races on a lake near the city. But the big event is a championship on Sylvan Lake, halfway between Calgary and Edmonton and about 15 miles from Red Deer, staged when ice conditions are suitable and usually at fairly short notice.

The CASC annual (1970 edition, one dollar, available from head office, 5385 Yonge Street, Willowdale 441, Ont.) lists all clubs; membership fees are usually between \$10 and \$20 a year. Before you can take to the ice you must get a Basic Racer's license from your local licensing official (cost: three dollars) and prove your health is good and your driver's license unblemished.

In most cases, entering a race involves just turning up and paying an entrance fee of, say, five dollars. Officials will determine the class in which you'll drive.

The crucial element in ice-racing is traction. Check the supplementary regulations of the events you wish to enter to see if siping is permitted. If it is, buy four wide snow tires, and have them *cross-siped* (cut laterally through the tread so that the rubber splays down on to the ice). Then have them *traktionized*, a process that involves running the tire through a spiked-drum machine, which fluffs up the rubber to the consistency of a hard sponge. □

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The NFB: What's the Big Squeeze Leaving on the Cutting Room Floor?

BY JON RUDDY

It's UNFORTUNATE that the most publicity our National Film Board has received since it was launched in 1939 has been dedicated to the proposition that it's going under. It isn't, but the vision of a sinking ship — or, if you like, a slow dissolve — has caught the fancy of film makers, the media, even Lester Pearson, who remarked a couple of months ago that the NFB could be destroyed "for good." What provoked this gloomy prognosis was a government austerity measure announced last August: a 10-percent cutback across the civil service. Ten percent, let us remember, is a dime out of a dollar.

All this is not by way of disparaging the very real plight of the Film Board, whose problems are only in part financial. "The Squeeze," as it's called around the NFB's 12-acre empire in suburban Montreal, might also refer to the recent rise of a competitive private film industry, subsidized to the tune of \$10 million — which happens to be the NFB's own frozen budget — by a federal agency called the Canadian

Film Development Corporation. Established in 1967 to help finance feature-length productions, the CFDC is seen by Film Boarders as a hint that they should get out of the feature-film business. The squeeze might refer to burgeoning film activity at the CBC, whose relations with the Film Board, always chilly, have been positively polar ever since two disastrous co-productions called *The Ernie Game* and *Waiting For Caroline*. The Squeeze might even refer to critical scrutiny by State Secretary Gérard Pelletier, who has called for a diminished NFB role and who has commissioned two reports on the NFB and the Canadian film industry. One of them is from a Montreal accountant named Bram Appel who once was the subject of a still-born NFB short titled, ominously, *The Businessman*.

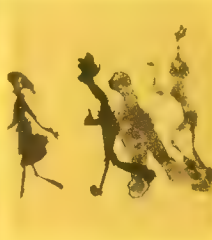
It is the businessman, of course, who is most apt to see the Film Board the way a disgusted senator once saw the CBC: "A bunch of queer ducks dancing around with some swans." What are all those arty types up to, any-

way? For along with its gems by such masterful film makers as Norman McLaren (*Pas de Deux*) and Robin Spry (*Flowers On A One-way Street*), the Film Board has turned out some incredibly self-indulgent crap, and it is all too easy for a taxpayer with squarish proclivities to overlook the wealth of NFB material that comprises our most prestigious export — winning, for example, more than 150 awards in international competition during the past two years alone.

At NFB headquarters, The Squeeze is manifest in a peculiar undirected vitality, a sort of backs-to-the-wall hysteria. Bulletin boards bristle with missives of support and defiance and in the cafeteria the talk is shrill and political. A visitor wandering around the place last month would have no immediate reason to believe he was in a film-making plant. If production has, in fact, shriveled, it's a result not so much of budget and staff cutbacks as of stress and mental fatigue. "All our gorgeous creative juices have been consumed in dissent," moaned one producer in a

purple funk, rattling his teacup in a way that suggested that he, at least, didn't have enough creative juices left over to turn out a decent expense account. Dr. Hugo McPherson, the NFB's embattled commissioner, agreed that plummeting morale was the real bar to creativity: "People here see it [the cutback] in terms of human values threatened by big technology. My own morale is low because I sympathize very strongly with the program aims of the filmmakers."

His sympathy is not reciprocated. If anything, The Squeeze has further polarized McPherson's staff. Before recent layoffs, the NFB admitted to 150 administrators riding herd on 250 production personnel and 253 technicians. (A fourth group, distribution, made up the NFB's full complement of 1,025 employees.) The creative types were as snidely contemptuous of administration as their counterparts at the CBC — another victim of Trudeau's 10-percent civil-service cutback, but one that has remained becomingly quiet about it as befits our most



Among '69 award winners, from left: Do Not Fold, Staple, Spindle or Mutilate; Pas de Deux; Flowers on a One-way Street; Walking

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blatant bureaucracy.

Last fall, McPherson indicated that the NFB's top-heavy administrative sector would absorb the first blows. Surprising nobody, however, when layoffs came it was the creative side that suffered. This was "cutting into the meat rather than the fat of the organization," as union leader John Howe succinctly put it at the time. That the victims were mostly English-speaking — 45 by mid-December, as opposed to nine in French production — escalated another long-standing intramural conflict. "Of course the French get all the breaks," I was told. And: "McPherson is scared to death of aggravating *les Québécois*."

The NFB has three unions, of which the biggest is the Syndicat Général du Cinéma et de la Télévision, a French-English guild representing production and technical service staff. The 416-member SGCT had successfully negotiated its first contract with the Film Board last July 9 — it won an average 19-percent salary increase retroactive to 1967 — just 35 days before the NFB's budget was frozen at its 1964-65 level. According to SGCT official Ken McCready, "The NFB had to go to the Treasury Board to get salary approval. Our position is that it was immoral to come to a settlement and then refuse to continue the established practice of providing more funds. In effect, we were allowed to negotiate our own members out of jobs."

A bitter pill. After the December notices, such militant tactics as a motorcade to Ottawa prompted McPherson to postpone the layoff of 104 employees while a government consultant studied the affair. His report, which upheld most of the firings while lamenting the lack of an Ottawa-defined cultural policy, further alienated the union. On January 22, in a somewhat superfluous gesture, the SGCT informed McPherson that it would not take part in any discussion with him until the layoffs were re-

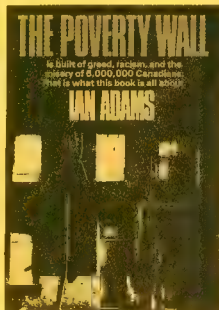
scinded.

Apart from this regrettable loss of employment, how badly has The Squeeze hurt the Film Board? The answer appears to be not nearly so badly as the current publicity barrage has indicated. Jacques Bobet, director of French programming, could only think of one abandoned project that was not reinstated: a multi-media show on the nature of senses. "We go on — but we must be careful," Bobet told me. In the harder-hit area of English production — management's hotly disputed rationale was that the English sector had grown disproportionately big at Centennial time — the situation seemed about the same. Guy Glover, Bobet's opposite number, recalled that an hour-long fantasy film about chemical and biological warfare had been "held up. No good idea is finally lost," he added. "We have lost time rather than films."

The Film Board's most exciting project, currently, is *Challenge For Change*, in which film makers record the lives of people in depressed areas and show them the result, a situation that leads to insights and sometimes points up solutions to community problems. The current director of *Challenge For Change* is an American social scientist named George Stoney, who sees the NFB from the perspective of an envious outsider. "It's only a 10-percent cut," he says contemptuously of The Squeeze. "The union is crazy to fight it by saying that the Film Board is going under. Nobody invests money in a sinking ship. I've been keeping our program alive for six months with sheer confidence. I've seen government film agencies all over the world and this is the best. It's the only place where recognition is based entirely on the quality of your work. I've never seen so much freedom in my life. It's a great place to make films, and I really don't know what the hell is stopping anybody from making them." □

Down and out in Toronto & Winnipeg with a minor Orwell

BY PHILIP SYKES



THERE ARE, I suspect, both positive and negative impulses in the writing of a book such as *The Poverty Wall*. The positive one is an awareness of the poor themselves — so many people immobile and hopeless, one Canadian in four, a ratio unchanged since the Depression. The second impulse is a moralist's anger at the smugness of the rest of us, the ones who've prospered. We see poverty as a marginal thing. Buoyed by the idea of an affluent society, we're scarcely jarred by the realities of poverty. We turn away from them and rejoin the argument about inflation or, better, the Trudeau Style.

Author Ian Adams, to his honor, does not turn away. He has bummed across Canada, seeing and sharing poverty. He has talked to a Newfoundland miner, dying poor at 44: "I realized that in all probability his children would also live and die in poverty." That was when Adams decided to write the book.


He is an able journalist and he has done an ambitious thing, reporting on all the major groups of our poor —

the unemployed, the Indians, the army of poor women, the rural slum dwellers. Ultimately, though, the ambition reaches too far. He has almost written two books in one. The first is a series of portraits of Canadians behind the poverty wall. The second is a study of poverty as "problem."

Training and experience have equipped Adams well to write the first of these books. He recounts the tragedy of Charlie Wenjack, a 12-year-old Ojibway who died trying to trek 400 miles through the Ontario bush, home to his father, away from the white residential school; the oppressive sense of passing time in the quiet kitchen where that Newfoundland miner waits to die; the shock of a social worker's revelation about the thin, pregnant girl on a porch in north Saskatchewan: "There is no boyfriend. It's her father."

The social criticism is less successful. Unlike Ferdinand Lundberg's *The Rich And The Super-Rich*, this book floods no new light on the way society works. Adams is, in truth, less a Lundberg than a minor Orwell, down and out in Toronto and Winnipeg, in public washrooms and the insurance hall with the polyglot unemployed, watching and then revealing fresh aspects of men in adversity.

He might have been wise to collect his portraits into a slimmer, better book, and leave untangling the housing problem to some new Lundberg. For Adams as a writer has a rare and unfashionable strength; he is keenly alive to the character and dignity of laboring men. And the atti-



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tude that makes him angry, that middle-class reluctance to look poverty in the face, involves, after all, more than organization. It is, in its roots, a failure of the imagination. That is where he can reach us.

The Poverty Wall; Ian Adams; McClelland & Stewart; \$2.95

House Of Hate; Percy Jones; McClelland & Stewart; \$7.95: Percy Jones stresses that what he has written is a novel. He makes the point because he is clearly reliving his youth in a Newfoundland milltown and also, perhaps, because he attempts no novel-ish experiments. In place of virtuosity, he offers feeling. His theme is hatred inside a family, the psychic wounds a willful father inflicts on four sons. Jones was one of them. Now, in a first novel that is all unadorned story, he recreates the rages and terrors. It is strong stuff and real, like all his Newfoundlanders.

The Killing of Sharon Tate; Susan Atkins with Lawrence Schiller; Signet; \$1: A confessed participant tells how she did it, and why. Her nightmarish account, detailed down to the death rattle, must be the sickest thing published since *Mein Kampf*. □

QUOTE

"Even very recently, the elders could say: 'You know, I have been young and you never have been old.' But today's young people can reply: 'You never have been young in the world I am young in, and you never can be.' This is the common experience of pioneers and their children. In this sense, all of us who were born and reared before the 1940s are immigrants."

—Margaret Mead in *Culture And Commitment: A Study of the Generation Gap*; Doubleday, \$5.95

FILM

The familiarity of Z, the banality of Bob & Carol & John & Mary

BY LARRY ZOLF



Z: It's Greek for He Is Alive and it's the title for one of the 10 best films on any list this year. Directed by Costa-Gavras and featuring Yves Montand, Irene Papas and Jean-Louis Trintignant, *Z* is multilevel excellence.

It is a fast-paced, relentless action thriller and a political allegory that both underlines and transcends the modern Greek tragedy of Junta fascism. As political satire, *Z* is the kind of film that only hurts you when you laugh.

Costa-Gavras deliberately based his film on actual Greek political events of the past five years—that is, on political assassination, wholesale corruption, police brutality and coup d'état. What unnerved me about *Z* was that the horrifying events it depicted all seemed so agonizingly familiar. The Salonika riot that killed Lambrakis (Yves Montand) looked very much like Chicago. As with John Kennedy, Lambrakis's skull and brain are crushed but the valiant heart beats on for hours. Like the American democratic Left, Greek reformers argue endlessly about nonviolence and legalism versus direct action as the totali-

tarians briskly step in to fill the obvious political vacuum.

Costa-Gavras shares with Thucydides and the other ancient Greek historians the conviction that history teaches lessons. In *Z* he bears us this gift of historical insight (which we can only ignore at our peril): if a junta can rule the home of Athenian Democracy today, perhaps a junta will rule the home of Jeffersonian Democracy tomorrow.

Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice: When Hollywood decides to devote its full arsenal of production-value *shlockera* to bring to cinematic life a cheat-and-tell tale of two fatuous couples, full of sexual fury signifying nothing, it comes up with *Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice*.

Obviously, somebody had fun making this Harold Robbins survivor. It opens with Bob (Robert Culp) and wife Carol (Natalie Wood) on their way to a touch-and-peek group-therapy Esalen-type institute as the soundtrack rounds with excerpts from Handel's *Messiah*.

It closes with Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice in bed together in a Las Vegas hotel room, except that Bob is with Alice (Dyan Cannon) and Carol is with Ted (Elliott Gould).

So much for the scenario. Thankfully, my own viewing was given some comedy relief by two women in the row behind me: "It makes a mockery of sex; it's dreadful," said one. "It's one of the best movies of its kind," said the other. "What beautiful figures they have," said the first, as Natalie and Dyan undressed for the orgy. "I

hope he takes his beads off," said the second as she watched hippie Bob disrobing. "That's what I call togetherness," they both shouted in unison as this silly little flick reached its pointless little conclusion.

John And Mary: This latest Peter Yates epic asks this engrossing, existential angst question: Can John (Dustin Hoffman) and Mary (Mia Farrow) live merrily ever after if John will not marry Mary? The answer, if you care, is yes.

The problem with John and Mary is that in this case the fruits of sin make for a rotten film. "Do you always jump into bed the first time you meet a guy?" asks John at one point. At another he issues these immortal declarations: "If it's going to be serious, it had better be right," and, "Running away from each other won't work any more."

John And Mary is really no more than a New Morality update on the old soap opera. Manfully trying to provide some hipness, some sense of the *au courant*, Mortimer complicates his banal script by telling us that John's mother was a Depression-style Old Leftie, forever picketing and marching for some worthy cause. Mary's previous boyfriend is a lecherous, married, state senator of the New Left persuasion, forever mouthing clichés about the blacks, students and the war in Vietnam. Perhaps this film is really a subtle exercise in Marxian dialectics—son of Old Leftie falls in love with concubine of New Leftie as the audience loses nothing but the price of admission. □

RIDDLE OF THE MONTH

Together with actress Meg Hagarth, director Marigold Charlesworth has written 'The Riddle,' a play for The Young People's Theatre, which opens at the Colomnade Saturday. Miss Charlesworth is ecezzz czczylyc ooczczcz wyydoo W-102-00—4301.

—Toronto Daily Star

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In the fight between CTV and CBC news, viewers are winning

BY DOUGLAS MARSHALL

IN THE TOUCHY world of Canadian television, no single area is more neurotic about criticism than the CBC's news department. Journalistic coverage is one of the main reasons why the corporation was called into being. Any suggestion that it is falling down on the job is like telling a hockey player he can't skate very well.

Such a suggestion was contained in a somewhat inaccurate *Time* magazine report published a few weeks ago. The article said in effect that CTV's terrierlike 11 p.m. newscast had not only bitten into its bulldog opposition, the CBC's *National News*, but had achieved territorial supremacy in terms of Nielsen ratings. The figures backing up this statement had, of course, been supplied by CTV. The CBC reacted with predictable outrage and contradictory rating figures of its own. For a while it looked as though the *National's* Warren Davis was about to sue CTV's Harvey Kirck for alienation of audience affection.

One result of the dogfight was to focus attention on the network news services at a time when journalistic performance everywhere is undergoing critical analysis. Once the dust had settled on this particular issue, certain factors became clear. CTV has indeed captured about six percent of the CBC's former *National News* loyalists this season. But the public network remains comfortably on top — by 1,630,000 viewers against 824,000 — in overall figures.

To me, however, the significant thing is not that

CTV is catching up. It's the number of Canadians who are hooked to one or other of the 11 p.m. broadcasts. Add the ratings together and you get the startling average of 2,454,000 people watching the news each night. That's more than one-tenth of the entire population, which must be a devilishly high percentage of everybody awake at that hour. It is fair to say that as a nation we depend to an astonishing extent on the network broadcasts for basic day-to-day information.

And they respond to our dependence excellently — excellently. In spite of our geographic problems, I'd argue that Canadian viewers are better informed about what's going on in the world than anybody else.

Specifically, the CBC gives us the most balanced and comprehensive coverage of any network on this continent. Not only does the corporation maintain a string of trained foreign correspondents but frequently (sometimes too frequently) it provides us with the cream of the daily international film clips available from the U.S. networks. The chief fault is a continuing unevenness in news judgment and format, caused mainly by an organizational confusion that is a paradigm of everything else that's wrong with the CBC.

The major weakness of the CTV newscast is a visible lack of money. But it has, in Kirck, the most polished anchorman Canada has developed in many a long year. And its reporting of national events is usually sounder, often livelier than anything the

CBC presents. All in all, CTV has a fine sense of style — particularly evident in the well-written *Backgrounder to the News*.

Neither network, then, has much to be ashamed about. Both are fulfilling their function more than adequately. The only mystery: why the sudden six-percent swing to CTV?

I'm convinced the reason lies in the CBC's disastrous decision to meld the Saturday and Sunday newscasts into the now shattered *Weekend* format. "We are trying to wean people away from the 11-o'clock-news-habit," said Ray Hazzan, shortly before he ceased to be executive coordinating producer of *Weekend* during the latest shake-up. His ambition was misconceived. The evidence is that Canadians like the 11-o'clock-news habit and they are prepared to switch allegiances of long standing if they don't get what they want.

In fact, the *Weekend* experiment exposed the only major flaw I can find in our TV news services; namely, the illusion that world events adhere to the Anglo-Saxon five-day work week, that nothing much happens between noon on Saturday and Monday morning. That ethnocentric notion was shattered on the Sunday morning when the Japanese, with a fine disregard for Western convention, chose to bomb Pearl Harbor. Yet both networks still present abbreviated reports on Sunday night.

Since there are only two English-language Sunday newspapers in this country TV is missing a golden opportunity. I think the Sunday newscasts should be expanded to 30 minutes or even an hour of hard news, backed by a tightly edited recap of the main events of the previous seven days. *Seven Days*. That celebrated program began, after all, as a newsmagazine program, a *Newsweek* of the air. Perhaps when the CBC forgot that idea is the point at which everything started to go wrong. □

RECORDS



Terry Riley: Poppy Nogood And The Phantom Band; A Rainbow Curved in Air

(Columbia): The first work here is one of those quirky little masterpieces that are just too true to be only good. If there ever is a music of the future, or a true amalgam of pop and classical, Riley will be its Cherubini.

Monteverdi: Orfeo (Telefunken): Nikolaus Harnoncourt conducts this shimmering, aiming-to-be-definitive version of what amounts to the first opera. The entire production retains an appropriate chamberlike ambience that misses being solemn by just a few tempo markings.

Tiny Tim: For All My Little Friends (Reprise): What can you say about something so appropriate as this children's album? Like Tiny (and, sometimes, children), the record is weird, charming, sometimes lovely, and not a little freaky.

Django Reinhardt And The American Jazz Giants (Prestige): After several hearings of this LP, you become convinced that Paris was the focal point of jazz in the 1930s. The addition of Benny Carter and Coleman Hawkins makes this re-release all the more exciting.

Hans Werner Henze: The Raft Of The Frigate "Medusa" (Deutsche Grammophon):

The raft in question was launched from a wrecked French frigate off the coast of Africa in 1816. The event, in turn, became a political cause célèbre, the subject of a Géricault painting and, now, the theme of this stunning secular oratorio by the youngish German avant-gardist.

— PETER GODDARD

How bureaucrats deal with such rebels as Riel and David Ward

BY RON HAYTER

ABOUT A CENTURY AGO, when Louis Riel raised hob over the plight of the Métis out west, Ottawa reacted with violence. The army fought him, the politicians unseated him from the Commons and eventually they tried him for treason and hanged him. Today, when a troublemaker speaks up on the same subject, they don't call out the army; they've got the bureaucrats instead.

This time the man who won't sit down and shut up is a 34-year-old half-Eskimo, half-white Edmonton alderman named David Ward, who wants Louis Riel recognized as a national hero. Ward has been making a lot of noise about this idea, and Ottawa's response has been simply to ignore his letters, pass paper from one departmental desk to another, then insist, when pressed, that the whole thing is actually a provincial responsibility.

Ward's one-sided war with Ottawa has not focussed so much on the recognition of Riel as on the question of government support for the Louis Riel Pageant, which Ward established three years ago as an annual festival in Edmonton. Last June, Ward asked three governments (municipal, provincial, federal) to help foot the bill for the pageant. Two came through with the \$1,000 apiece he asked for, but Ottawa began what Ward calls "a saga of buck-passing, procrastination and waffling."

Ward directed several letters to the Department of Indian Affairs and Northern Development, and felt personally slighted when there was no reply. "That was the

worst kind of insult," he says. "I was so mad I could have chewed nails." By fall, he was incensed enough to telephone the department's regional office, threatening, among other things, to call Prime Minister Trudeau direct, unless he got an immediate reply. Late in November (which, as Ward pointed out, was "only five months and 10 days" after he first wrote), he got a reply from R. M. Sutherland, regional superintendent of Indian Affairs. While conceding it was "unfortunate" Ward hadn't had a reply sooner, Sutherland cited both law and policy as reasons for refusing to back the pageant.

Ward dashed off a letter to Prime Minister Trudeau. But now he muddled the issue by suggesting the turnaround was a personal rejection. "Am I to understand," he asked with aldermanic rhetoric, "that because I have Eskimo and not Indian blood in my veins, I will be denied a cultural grant to do work that will benefit Canada? . . . Maybe if you would help us recognize and remember our heroes, we wouldn't have to watch Daniel Boone on television."

Ottawa responded with a fusillade of paper. Trudeau's secretary, Henry Lawless, replied that he had referred the matter to David Thomson, who mans the PM's western regional desk. Thomson wrote, promising to "look into" the matter as soon as possible. W. Henry Rogers, an assistant director in Indian Affairs, confirmed that his department wouldn't be springing a ny thousand bucks, but suggested the Sec-

retary of State might.

At about this point an Indian Affairs spokesman in Edmonton accused Ward of promoting "a dishonest publicity gimmick: he knows full well that our department deals only with Indians, and that Métis are the responsibility of the provinces." What's more, the spokesman went on, the Louis Riel Pageant is "Dave Ward's thing. Ward's concern for the Indian and Métis is exceeded only by his concern for him-

self."

With or without Ottawa's help, says Ward, this year's pageant will go on. "We'll raise the money somehow. I'll even petition the Queen if I have to." He professes that the experience has provided insight into the motives of Louis Riel. "If this is the kind of co-operation and concern Riel received in his efforts to unite Canada," Ward says bitterly, "it's no wonder he and his followers rebelled." □

CONTEST

CONTEST NO. 49

*One day I'll get some ertia
And take a trip to Persia.*

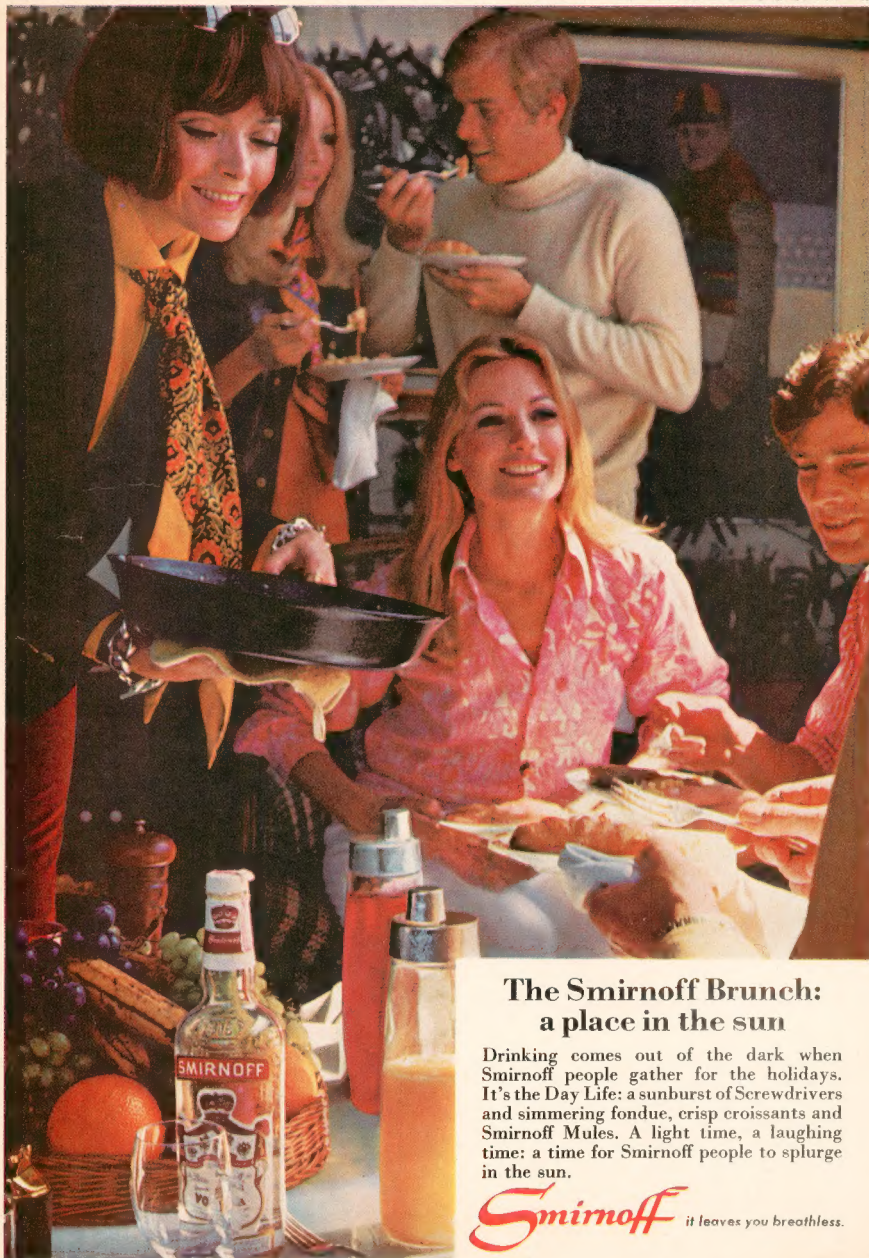
And what, pray, is ertia? It's the opposite of inertia and a good example of a phenomenon found lurking in the twilight zone of the English language — the lost positive. Our language is rich in negative prefixes, from the "a" of apolitical through "de," "dis," "in" and "un" to the "ex" of excommunicate. The result: hundreds of perfectly valid positive forms have dropped out of the vocabulary. It was only because of P. G. Wodehouse's immortal observation, "While he wasn't disgruntled, he wasn't exactly grunted either," that one of our most descriptive words came back into use. We're not so well off linguistically that we couldn't make use of such words as sheveled, funct and the all but obsolete couth. The usual prizes for the wittiest rhyming couplets incorporating lost positives. Address entries to Contest No. 49, Maclean's, 481 University Ave., Toronto 101. Deadline: March 23.

RESULTS OF CONTEST NO. 47

Readers were asked to suggest outrageous questions that Gordon Sinclair might ask any famous person — real or fictitious and including himself — appearing as a *Front Page Challenge* guest. Since will be delighted to know there was an ego-boost-

ing response in terms of numbers of entries. He would be less delighted by the general tone. Evidently most contestants, even those who said they "loved the old SOB," believe Sinclair capable of uttering incredible crudities. Some of the best parodies of the broadcaster's style were simply unprintable. The judges, therefore, decided to award only one prize. Eddie Olynuk of Strathmore, Alta., wins \$25 for this imagined interrogation:

"Tell me, Mr. Iscariot, considering the inflated importance of this man you fingered, don't you think you were overpaid for singing to the Romans? And tell me, that silver you got, was that the real McCoy or some of that crap with all the nickel in it? Pure silver, eh? Thirty pieces? Let's see, that's . . . Did you invest some of your windfall or blow it all on wine and women? You gave it all back—oh. Hey, Jude, did you report this extra income to Matthew? Why? Because he's the tax collector, isn't he? It's guys like you who make it tough on honest taxpayers like us. You say you're too poor to pay any tax? Hmph! Listen, fella, not too many people know this but I've traveled all over India and I saw guys a lot worse off than you. You're on, Betty." □



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